

The Harp of the Scottish Covenant

“The Covenant times,
Whose echo rings through Scotland to this hour!”
—WORDSWORTH.

THE HARP

OF THE

SCOTTISH COVENANT

POEMS, SONGS, AND BALLADS

Relating to the Covenanting Struggle

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

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INSCRIBED

TO THE MEMORY OF

The late Professor John Stuart Blackie,

WHOSE PATRIOTISM, LOVE OF NATIVE SONG,
AND FEARLESS CHAMPIONSHIP OF EVERY-
THING THAT IS BEST IN THE SCOTTISH
NATIONALITY, ENDEARED HIM TO THE
HEARTS OF ALL TRUE-HEARTED SCOTSMEN
BOTH AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears :
But it seal'd Freedom's sacred cause—
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers !

—ROBERT BURNS.

“ But I had a feeling of awe when writing ‘The City of the Plague,’ ‘Unimore,’ and more strongly when inditing a long MS. poem on the Covenanters, which, I believe, has run on to five thousand lines, but which will not see the light till I cease to see it. ‘Indeed !’ I said ; ‘why not sooner ?’ ‘The fact is,’ he said, ‘the feeling that pervades Scotland—its every hill and strath, Highlands as well as Lowlands—about that stalwart and noble race, is itself a perpetual poem, humming through the Scottish land and the Scottish heart ; and I should be afraid lest my effort should fall short of the national feeling. I once thought of writing a prose work, too, either in shape of a tale or of an history, on these brave men. Scott has not done them full justice in “Old Mortality,” otherwise the masterpiece of his genius.’ ”—PROFESSOR JOHN WILSON—see “The History of a Man,” p. 116.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

WHILE no effort or research has been spared on the part of the Editor to make the present anthology of poetry relating to the Scottish Covenant as complete and representative as possible, compatible with a certain standard of poetic quality, it is in the nature of such works that some notable omissions may have been made. It is permitted him to hope, however, that it contains, on the whole, the best of the lyrical bloom and poetic fervour of an emotion that has moved the heart of Lowland Scotland for more than two hundred years. On this account, if on no other, it may prove serviceable as a classification in the region of Scottish sentiment as well as in the field of Scottish song.

In the collection of material for the undertaking, much correspondence was entailed, and to his numerous correspondents the Editor hereby expresses his grateful acknowledgment of their various courtesies. In this respect, the able assistance of Mr. Robert Hogg of Musselburgh calls for special mention, not only for the rich store of knowledge of native poetry which he so freely placed at disposal, but also for the willing help rendered in what may be termed the drudgery of transcription, etc. To Mr. Robert Reid (Rob. Wanlock) of Montreal, the Rev. Robert Logan, The Woodlands, Moffat, and Mr. Duncan MacGregor Crerar of New York, the thanks of the Editor are likewise due for much valuable counsel and aid generously bestowed during the prosecution of the work.



PREFACE.

The struggle of the Scotch Government has not all the elements of a national epic. The cause for which they fought and suffered, for which they have died, was not in its grounds. It was not essentially national in the narrow sense. Like every other, for which nations have caused the world's gratitude and admiration, such as the world's history, the cause of the Scotch Government was the cause of humanity. The human element, indeed, of the matter was often obscured by the narrowness of local ideas and sentiments. But that is not a defect peculiar to the Government. The national and external progress of the human spirit who moulds the life of mankind is not necessarily opposed by any national or by any other, and the Government of Scotland would have furthered the progress of humanity and the world's progress as were possible would the conditions of their country and the time. But it was really the cause of human progress for which they fought. Their cause was the right of man to develop his faculties, his voice, his life, his play of reason and his noble emotions, and this only under the conditions of peace, freedom, and progress in civilization that is possible. On this ground, therefore, in our day, the cause of the Scotch Government is the cause of the world.

It is not the government of Scotland that is the cause of the world's progress. It is the cause of the world's progress that is the cause of the world's progress.

the greatness of their mission. But in this light also the Covenanters of Scotland may fairly claim the grateful memory of men. It would be difficult to point to any great struggle, in which men have exhibited a more passionate enthusiasm for their cause, or a more complete emancipation from all selfish seductions which might have obscured the singleness of their aim or cooled the ardour of their devotion. In fact the intense earnestness of the Covenanters has given a colour to the subsequent religious life of Scotland. It has created an almost morbid craving for a similar intensity of fervour amid the calm routine of peaceful times. In a great crisis, when a nation's cause is the cause of humanity, moderation is more akin to vice than to virtue. For moderation is not only opposed to vicious excess ; it may imply a lack of that heroic enthusiasm which a great moral crisis demands. It was the consciousness of this fact during the covenanting struggle, that has ever since made the term *moderate* a bye-word of reproach in Scotland when applied to religious character.

It appears, then, that both the cause for which they fought and the heroic courage with which they fought for it, have made the struggle of the Covenanters a genuine *epos* in Scottish history. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the varied scenes of such a struggle, with the thoughts and sentiments which they suggest, should have found expression in song. It has, indeed, been too commonly assumed that all the lyrical fervour evoked by the conflict, was on the opposite side. This is a mistake. The Jacobite songs, which might be supposed to come from the opponents of the Covenant, belong to a conflict that was not only later, but of a

totally different interest. The truth is, that neither the Jacobite nor the Covenanting struggle called forth many lyrics of genuine poetical merit, while the combatants were grappling for life and death with one another. Most of the finest poems connected with both of the struggles are the products of later reflection by poetic minds.

It cannot be denied that the Jacobite struggle involved some issues that were calculated to strike the fancy and the sentiment of men. But the fancy and sentiment were of limited range. They were mainly those sympathetic movements of the mind, which are stirred by the tragedy of an old royal house fighting a hopeless battle to regain its lost place among the dynasties of the world. But natural pity over such a tragedy is traversed and often checked by the knowledge that the doomed family had brought its fate upon itself as a righteous retribution for its crimes against the cause of humanity. On the other hand, the Covenanting struggle, with all its imperfections, offers a theme of universal and undying interest to the world. Some years ago, in referring to the Jacobite songs, I was led to write, that "louder in the ear of the Scottish people than *Wae's me for Prince Charlie*, is the wail over the martyrs of the Covenant; and tales of the heroism these displayed amid their sufferings are cherished in the memory and told with enthusiasm, when the name of the Chevalier is never mentioned, except in singing Jacobite songs for the enjoyment of their poetry and music." When I wrote these words, I was not aware of the extent to which enthusiastic memories of the Covenanting struggle had found expression in Scottish poetry. The Editor of this volume has proved that

there is a Harp of the Covenant, which can strike a genuine poetic tone ; and Scotsmen, all the world over, must feel indebted to him for having done such a labour of love, and for having done it so well.

J. CLARK MURRAY.

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INTRODUCTORY.

(From Introduction to "*Lays of the Kirk and Covenant.*")

MRS. HARRIET STUART MENTEATH.

"Till doomsday shall come, they shall never see the Kirk of Scotland and our Covenant burnt to ashes ; or, if it should be thrown in the fire, yet it cannot be so burnt or buried as not to have a resurrection."—SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

SCOTLAND ! hallowed in thy story—

Who would trace thine annals right—

One peculiar page of glory,

Ever brightens on his sight !

Not the honours, far descended,

Of thine ancient hero kings ;

Not thy bulwarks, blood defended—

These are but thy meaner things !

True, the pulse exulting flutters ;

True, our souls within us burn,

Trumpet names as Freedom utters,

Wallace, Bruce, and Bannockburn !

But a holier joy subdues us,

Tracing, while our heartstrings thrill,

How the Saviour deigned to choose us,
In his cause to suffer still !
Honoured be the patriot story !
Well may Scottish hearts beat high ;
Yet a far-excelling glory
Glads the heaven-anointed eye—
Heritage, unbought, unpriced,
Rich in the reproach of Christ !

Early—early, on our mountains,
Presage of a glorious day,
Pure, as from its native fountains,
Faintly broke the Gospel ray.
Storm and cloud the pathway covers,
By our rude forefathers trod ;
Yet that dawning brightness hovers
Where St. Columb walked with God :
Ever broadening, ever welling,
From Iona's holy home
Poured the radiance, sin-dispelling,
Till it met the fogs of Rome !

Dark eclipse the earth then shrouded ;
Lurid phantasms filled the air ;
But the glorious sun, though clouded,
Shorn, and beamless, *still was there !*
Witness, many a faint forewarning,
Struggling through the night of crime ;

Prescient of a second dawning
Of the Gospel's noonday prime.
Streaks, that like the northern light,
Shoot in promise up the night !

Lo ! it comes ! the mist hath risen—
Martyr pyres the gloom dispel ;
Scotland wakes, and bursts her prison,
Lighted by the flames of hell !
Rome hath wrought her own undoing ;
Rome infatuate ! Rome accurst !
All her fabric, one vast ruin,
Crumbles 'neath the thunderburst !
Fierce the strife, and fierce the slaughter ;
Blood her rubbish moistens o'er,
Even till error's loveliest daughter
Falls upon a hostile shore !
Poor forfeit to the fatal band,
Once lightly sealed with careless hand !
Twice crowned Queen—thrice wedded wife—
More regal in her death than life !

Now the infant Church hath quiet ;
Surely now her toils may cease !
O'er the wild waves' rout and riot
Broods the halcyon wing of peace !
Rome hath wrought her own undoing !
Papal fires no longer blaze !

Ah ! but forth the mighty ruin,
What new portents mar our gaze !
Sin, the fiend ! is hydra-headed—
Far the Church's promised rest ;
Avarice, with ambition wedded,
Points new weapons at her breast !
Brief her Murray's true upholding—
Nor tears nor prayers protract its span ;
And the helm falls from his holding
Who never feared the face of man ! *
While myriad mischiefs swarming spring,
From minions of a minion King !

Ah ! the eye is sick with seeing ;
Ah ! the heart is faint with fear.
Clouds athwart the horizon fleeing,
Harbingers of tempest near !
God hath laid to sleep His chosen ;
Who the mighty shall withstand ?
And the tide of faith seems frozen
In the winter of the land !
For a space it darkens, darkens,
Hope and promise in the tomb !
But the Lord looks down, and hearkens
Sobs of prayer amid the gloom !

* John Knox.

“Nay, my people—not forsaken,
Though afflicted sore thou art.
Of my strength thy hold is taken ;
Thy fresh springs are in my heart !
From the deep vault of the prison ;
From the lone isle of the sea ;
From thy banished ones hath risen
An accepted voice to Me !

Chosen in affliction’s waters,
Chosen ’neath the oppressor’s rod,
I have sealed thy sons and daughters
In a covenant with God !
Pass thou on, a sign and wonder,
As my nation was of yore ;
In the secret place of thunder
I have laid thy help in store !
Quit thy hold of earthly favour ;
Touch not the accursed thing !
Monarchs *must* abhor thy savour
While they set at naught thy King !
Part not—halve not thine allegiance,
Till I come to claim mine own ;
In the woe of thine obedience
Bear my Cross and guard my Crown,
All its thorns in thy true sight,
Transfigured into beams of light !”

Thus, a witness to the Churches,
Scotland's Church hath ever been—
Carnal men, with vain researches,
Musing what the sign may mean !
Like her Master, poor and lowly,
Seeking naught of price below,
All she claims, with freedom holy,
Still about His work to go ;
Coveting nor wealth nor station ;
Terrible to naught but sin ;
Mean in outward estimation,
She is glorious within !
Trace her unmolested going—
Cæsar finds observance meet ;
Living waters round her flowing,
Oh, how beautiful her feet !
Hope, o'er those broad waters gliding,
Fast pursues the waning night,
And the home of her abiding,
Gathers still and radiates light !
Strange ! that in her pathway ever
Strifes and oppositions spring ;
Nay ! she sows beside the river,
And her shout is of a King !

Since from Herod's couch the slumber
Parted at the wise men's word,
Kings and rulers without number

Band themselves against the Lord !
Tolls a death-knell through their riot ;
Shakes a terror 'neath their scorn ;
And they seek, with vain disquiet,
For the Babe in Bethlehem born !
Hating still, in deadliest measure,
Who that rising sceptre own ;
Marring all their pomp and pleasure
With the shadow of a throne !
True ! they kneel with feigned behaviour,
Myrrh and frankincense will bring ;
Priest and Prophet own the Saviour,
But—they crucify the King !
Wouldst thou hail an earthly Master,
Then the world would love its own !
Grasp thy banner-truth the faster—
See that no man take thy crown !

Hope thou not, then, earth's alliance ;
Take thy stand beside the Cross ;
Fear, lest by unblest compliance,
Thou transmute thy gold to dross !
Steadfast in thy meek endurance,
Prophesy in sackcloth on—
Hast thou not the pledged assurance,
Kings one day shall kiss the Son ?
Oft thy foes may triumph o'er thee ;
Tread thy carcass in the street ;

Sing aloud the hate they bore thee—
Thou shalt stand upon thy feet !
Life through all thy veins returning,
In the sight of those who doomed—
And the Bush, for ever burning,
Never—never—be consumed !

Now unto the hill-tops get thee
Whence the sunrise we descry ;
Nightly on thy watch tower set thee,
For His coming draweth nigh !
Tell the nations of the glory
Through the blackness we discern ;
Sound a trumpet with the story
Of the King who shall return !
Call to Judah in her blindness ;
Bid benighted Israel hear ;
Drop the word of truth and kindness
On the heathen's palsied ear !
Trim thy lamp—the night-hours cheering ;
Wash thy robes from every stain ;
Watch, to hail the glad appearing
Of the Bridegroom and His train !
Haste ! thy coming Lord to greet !
Cast thy crown before His feet !
Only, may his quest for thee
Find thee—what He made thee—Free !

THE SABBATH.

(Extract.)

JAMES GRAHAME.

How still the morning of the hallowed day !
 Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
 The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.
 The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
 Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
 That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze :
 Sounds the most faint attract the ear—the hum
 Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
 The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
 Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.
 To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
 The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale ;
 And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
 Warbles his heaven-tuned song ; the lulling brook
 Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen ;
 While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
 O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
 The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

Oh blissful day !

When all men worship God as conscience wills.
 Far other times our fathers' grandsires knew,
 A virtuous race, to godliness devote.
 What though the sceptic's scorn hath dared to soil
 The record of their fame ! What though the men
 Of worldly minds have dared to stigmatize
 The sister-cause, Religion and the Law,
 With Superstition's name ! Yet, yet their deeds,
 Their constancy in torture and in death,—
 These on tradition's tongue still live, these shall
 On history's honest page be pictured bright
 To latest times.

With them each day was holy, every hour
 They stood prepared to die, a people doomed
 To death :—old men, and youths, and simple maids.
 With them each day was holy ; but that morn
 On which the angel said, *See where the Lord*
Was laid, joyous arose ; to die that day
 Was bliss. Long ere the dawn, by devious ways,
 O'er hills, thro' woods, o'er dreary wastes, they sought
 The upland moors, where rivers, there but brooks,
 Dispart to different seas : fast by such brooks,
 A little glen is sometimes scooped, a plat
 With green sward gay, and flowers that strangers seem
 Amid the heathery wild, that all around
 Fatigues the eye : in solitudes like these

Thy persecuted children, Scotia, foiled
A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws :
There, leaning on his spear, (one of the array,
Whose gleam, in former days, had scathed the rose
On England's banner, and had powerless struck
The infatuate monarch and his wavering host.)
The lyart veteran heard the word of God
By Cameron thundered, or by Renwick poured
In gentle stream : then rose the song, the loud
Acclaim of praise ; the wheeling plover ceased
Her plaint ; the solitary place was glad,
And on the distant cairns, the watcher's ear *
Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note.
But years more gloomy followed ; and no more
The assembled people dared, in face of day,
To worship God, or even at the dead
Of night, save when the wintry storm raved fierce,
And thunder-peals compelled the men of blood
To couch within their dens ; then dauntlessly
The scattered few would meet, in some deep dell
By rocks o'er-canopied, to hear the voice,
Their faithful pastor's voice : he by the gleam
Of sheeted lightning oped the sacred book,
And words of comfort spake : over their souls
His accents soothing came,—as to her young

* Sentinels were placed on the surrounding hills, to give warning of the approach of the military.

The heathfowl's plumes, when, at the close of eve,
She gathers in, mournful, her brood dispersed
By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads
Fondly her wings ; close nestling 'neath her breast,
They, cherished, cower amid the purple blooms.

THE CAMERONIAN'S DREAM.

JAMES HISLOP.

"One day in a far-off glen among the heather, James Hislop laid down his head to rest on a Covenanter's grave, and became inspired."—REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

In a dream of the night, I was wafted away
To the muirlands of mist where the martyrs lay ;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood,
When in Wellwood's dark moorlands the standard of
Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning, and summer's young sun, from the east,
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast ;
On Wardlaw and Cairntable, the clear shining dew
Glisten'd sheen 'mong the heath-bells and mountain-
flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, in the white sunny cloud;
The song of the lark was melodious and loud ;
And in Glenmuir's wild solitudes, lengthen'd and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers, and the bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed music and glad-
ness,
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness ;
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of green July's bright morning.

But ah! there were hearts cherish'd far other feelings—
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings—
And drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-
morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who, with Cameron, were
lying
Conceal'd 'mong the mist where the heath-fowl were
crying ;
For the horsemen of Earl's-hall around them were
hovering,
And their bridle-reins rung through the thin misty
covering.

Tho' their faces grew pale, and their swords were un-
sheath'd,
Yet the vengeance that darken'd their brows was un-
breathed ;
With eyes raised to heaven, in meek resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing ;
But the melody died 'midst derision and laughter,
As the hosts of ungodly rush'd on to the slaughter.

Though in mist, and in darkness, and fire they were
shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded ;
Their dark eyes flash'd lightning, as proud and un-
bending
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were
gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,
The heavens grew black, and the thunder was rolling,
As in Wellwood's dark moorlands the mighty were
falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat had ended,

A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended :
The drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turn'd upon axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding ;
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding ;
Glide swiftly, bright spirits ! the prize is before ye—
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory !

THE BATTLE OF DRUMLIEMOOR.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

BAR the door ! put out the light, for it gleams across
 the night,
 And guides the bloody motion of their feet ;
 Hush the bairn upon thy breast, lest it guide them in
 their quest,
 And with water quench the blazing of the peat.
 Now, wife, sit still and hark !—hold my hand amid the
 dark ;
 O Jeanie, we are scatter'd—e'en as sleet !

It was down on Drumliemoor, where it slopes upon the
 shore,
 And looks upon the breaking of the bay,
 In the kirkyard of the dead, where the heather is thrice
 red
 With the blood of those asleep beneath the clay ;
 And the Howiesons were there, and the people of Glen
 Ayr,
 And we gather'd in the gloom o' night—to pray.

How ! Sit at home in fear, when God's voice was in
mine ear,

When the priests of Baal were slaughtering His sheep ?
Nay ! there I took my stand, with my reap-hook in my
hand,

For bloody was the sheaf that I might reap ;
And the Lord was in His skies, with a thousand dread-
ful eyes,

And His breathing made a trouble on the deep.

Each mortal of the band brought his weapon in his hand,

Though the chopper or the spit was all he bare ;

And not a man but knew the work he had to do,

If the fiend should fall upon us unaware.

And our looks were ghastly white, but it was not with
affright,—

The Lord our God was present to our prayer.

Oh, solemn, sad, and slow, rose the stern voice of Mon-
roe,

And he curst the curse of Babylon the Whore ;

We could not see his face, but a gleam was in its place,

Like the phosphor of the foam upon the shore ;

And the eyes of all were dim as they fixed themselves
on him,

And the sea filled up the pauses with its roar.

But when, with accents calm, Kilmahoe gave out the
psalm,

The sweetness of God's voice upon his tongue,
With one voice we praised the Lord of the fire and of
the sword,

And louder than the winter wind it rung ;
And across the stars on high went the smoke of tempest
by,
And a vapour roll'd around us as we sung.

'Twas terrible to hear our cry rise deep and clear,
Though we could not see the criers of the cry,
But we sang and gript our brands, and touch'd each
other's hands,

While a thin sleet smote our faces from the sky ;
And, sudden, strange, and low, hiss'd the voice of
Kilmahoe,

"Grip your weapons ! Wait in silence ! They are
nigh !"

And hark'ning, with clench'd teeth, we could hear,
across the heath,

The tramping of the horses as they flew,
And no man breath'd a breath, but all were still as
death,

And close together shivering we drew ;
And deeper round us fell all the eyeless gloom of hell,
And—the fiend was in among us ere we knew !

Then our battle shriek arose, 'mid the cursing of our
foes—

No face of friend or foeman could we mark ;
But I struck and kept my stand (trusting God to guide
my hand),

And struck, and struck, and heard the hell-hounds
bark ;

And I fell beneath a horse, but I reached with all my
force,

And ript him with my reap-hook through the dark.

As we struggl'd, knowing not whose hand was at our
throat,

Whose blood was spouting warm into our eyes,
We felt the thick snow-drift swoop upon us from the lift,
And murmur in the pauses of our cries ;

But, lo ! before we wist, rose the curtain of the mist,
And the pale moon shed her sorrow from the skies.

Oh, God ! it was a sight that made the hair turn white,
That wither'd up the heart's blood into woe,
To see the faces loom in the dimly lighted gloom,
And the butcher'd lying bloodily below ;
While melting, with no sound, fell so peacefully around
The whiteness and the wonder of the snow !

Ay, and thicker, thicker, pour'd the pale silence of the
Lord,

From the hollow of His hand we saw it shed,
And it gather'd round us there, till we groan'd and
gasp'd for air,

And beneath was ankle-deep and stained red ;
And soon, whatever wight was smitten down in fight,
Was *buried* in the drift ere he was dead !

Then we beheld at length the troopers in their
strength,

For faster, faster, faster up they stream'd,
And their pistols flashing bright, show'd their faces
ashen white,

And their blue steel caught the driving moon, and
gleam'd ;
But a dying voice cried, "Fly !" And behold, e'en at
the cry,
A panic fell upon us and we scream'd !

Oh, shrill and awful rose, 'mid the splashing blood and
blows,

Our scream unto the Lord that let us die ;
And the fiend amid us roared his defiance at the Lord,
And his servants slew the strong man 'mid his cry ;
And the Lord kept still in heaven, and the only answer
given

Was the white snow falling, falling, from the sky.

Then we fled ! the darkness grew ! 'mid the driving
cold we flew

Each alone, yea, each for those whom he held dear ;
And I heard upon the wind the thud of hoofs behind,
And the scream of those who perish'd in their fear ;
But I knew by heart each path through the darkness of
the strath,
And I hid myself all day,—and I am here !

Ah ! gathered in one fold be the holy men and bold,
And beside them the accursed and the proud ;
The Howiesons are there, and the Wylies of Glen Ayr,
Kirkpatrick, and Macdonald, and Macleod.
And while the widow groans, lo ! God's hand around
their bones
His thin ice windeth whitely, as a shroud.

On mountain and in vale our women will look pale,
And palest where the ocean surges boom ;
Buried 'neath snow-drift white, with no holy prayer or
rite,
Lie the loved ones they look for in the gloom ;
And deeper, deeper still spreads the snow on vale and
hill,
And deeper and yet deeper is their tomb !

KIRKBRIDE.*

ROBERT REID.

BURY me in Kirkbride,
 Where the Lord's redeemed anes lie ;
 The auld kirkyaird on the grey hillside,
 Under the open sky ;
 Under the open sky,
 On the breist o' the braes sae steep,
 And side by side wi' the banes that lie
 Streikt there in their hinmaist sleep :
 This puir dune body maun sune be dust,
 But it thrills wi' a stoun' o' pride,
 To ken it may mix wi' the great and just
 That slumber in thee, Kirkbride.

Little o' peace or rest
 Had we, that hae aften stude
 Wi' oor face to the foe on the mountain's crest,

* It is related of an old Covenanter who had survived the persecution that the last request he made while on his deathbed was, "Bury me in Kirkbride, for there's much of God's redeemed dust lies there." It is on these words that this beautiful poem is founded.

Sheddin' oor dear heart's blude ;
Sheddin' oor dear heart's blude
For the richts that the Covenant claimed,
And ready wi' life to mak' language gude
Gin the King or his Kirk we blamed ;
And aften I thocht in the dismal day
We'd never see gloamin' tide,
But melt like the cranreuch's rime that lay
I' the dawin, abune Kirkbride.

But gloamin' fa's at last
On the dour, dreich, dinsome day,
And the trouble through whilk we hae safely past
Has left us weary and wae ;
Has left us weary and wae,
And fain to be laid, limb-free,
In a dreamless dwawm to be airtit awa'
To the shores o' the crystal sea :
Far frae the toil, and the moil, and the murk,
And the tyrant's cursèd pride,
Row'd in a wreath o' the mists that lurk,
Heaven-sent, aboot auld Kirkbride.

Wheesht ! did the saft win' speak ?
Or a yaumerin' nicht bird cry ?
Did I dream that a warm haun' touch't my cheek,
And a winsome face gade by ?
And a winsome face gade by,

Wi' a far-aff licht in its een,
A licht that bude come frae the dazzlin' sky,
For it spak' o' the starnies' sheen :
Age may be donart, and dazed and blin',
But I'se warrant, whate'er betide,
A true heart there made tryst wi' my ain,
And the tryst-word seemed, Kirkbride.

Hark ! frae the far hill-taps,
And laich frae the lanesome glen,
Some sweet psalm tune like a late dew draps
Its wild notes doun the win' ;
Its wild notes doun the win'
Wi' a kent soun' owre my min',
For we sang't on the muir, a wheen huntit men,
Wi' oor lives in oor haun' langsyne ;
But never a voice can disturb this sang,
Were it Claver'se in a' his pride,
For it's raised by the Lord's ain ransom'd thrang
Forgether'd abune Kirkbride.

I hear May Moril's tongue,
That I wistna to hear again,
And there—'twas the black McMichael's rung
Clear in the closin' strain ;
Clear in the closin' strain,
Frae his big heart, bauld and true :
It stirs my saul as in days bygane,

When his gude braidsword he drew :
I needs maun be aff to the muirs ance mair,
For he'll miss me by his side :
I' the thrang o' the battle I aye was there,
And sae maun it be in Kirkbride.

Rax me a staff and plaid,
That in readiness I may be,
And dinna forget that THE BOOK be laid
Open, across my knee ;
Open, across my knee,
And a text close by my thoom,
And tell me true, for I scarce can see,
That the words are, "Lo ! I come ;"
Then carry me through at the Cample ford,
And up by the lang hillside,
And I'll wait for the comin' o' God, the Lord,
In a neuk o' the auld Kirkbride !

THE COVENANTER'S LAMENT.

ROBERT ALLAN.

THERE'S nae Covenant now, lassie !

There's nae Covenant now !

The Solemn League and Covenant

Are a' broken through !

There's nae Renwick now, lassie,

There's nae gude Cargill,

Nor holy Sabbath preaching

Upon the Martyrs' Hill !

It's naething but a sword, lassie !

A bluidy, bluidy ane !

Waving owre poor Scotland,

For her rebellious sin.

Scotland's a' wrang, lassie,

Scotland's a' wrang—

It's neither to the hill nor glen,

Lassie, we daur gang.

The Martyr's Hill's forsaken

In simmer's dusk sae calm ;

There's nae gathering now, lassie,

To sing the e'ening psalm !

But the martyr's grave will rise, lassie,
Aboon the warrior's cairn ;
An' the martyr soun' will sleep, lassie,
Aneath the waving fern !

THE DECLARATION OF SANQUHAR.

(June 22, 1680.)

W. STEWART ROSS.

YE wha revere the ashes
 O' your country's martyr-fires,
 And ye wha's guid auld Scottish bluid
 Is worthy o' your sires,
 Come and listen to a lay
 O' the Banner o' the Blue,
 And what the men o' Scotland
 Did langsyne daur and do ;
 How they fearless to the torture
 And to the scaffold trod,
 And broke the tyranny o' kings
 Against the targe o' God,
 When cruel Dalzell, and Grier o' Lag,
 And bluidy Claver'se slew,
 Till ilka blade o' Scottish grass
 Kep'd bluid instead o' dew.

The craftsman waxed heroic,
 And the peasant grew sublime,

To confront the rack and dungeon
O' the dreary "killin' time :"
They perished on the misty hills
O' rugged Galloway,
Their life-bluid dyed the wimplin' burns
O' Urr and Irongray,
The auld stane brig o' Bothwell
Was cumbered wi' their dead,
And the breckans became purple,
And the heather darker reid :
The fire, the sword, the roarin' wave,
The scaffold, gaunt and high,
Had seen the martyr thousands
O' the wale o' Scotland die ;
Nae siller linin' to the clud,
Nae whusper in the air,
To say that up in heaven abune
The airm o' God was bare.

God's witnesses in dungeon lay,
God's puir folk wandered lone,
Falsehood sat in the council chair,
And baseness on the throne.
Frae lairs amang the breckans hid,
Frae slaves on burnin' lands,
Frae whaur guilt-tortured womanhood
Shrieked frae the Bladnoch sands ;

Frae whaur on thy reid "sands," Dumfries,
The life-bluid ebbit slow,
Frae whaur the psalms o' Zion thrilled
The wilds o' Kirkmahoe ;
Frae whaur pale Daith yaukt owre Drumclog,
Frae Pentland, cauld and still,
Whaur bluidy spears and Bible leaves
Lay on the lonely hill,
Whaur pee-wheets yelpt and corbies pykit
The deid man's graveless banes ;
Frae whaur the neive o' Daith doon strikit
The deid man's shulpit wanes ;
Frae sauls beneath the altar-stane,
Daith-gasp and deein' groan,
A cry rose to the livin' God
That shook the Stewart's throne.

'Twas when the green leaves prinkt the trees,
Burns sang their peacefu' croon,
A' in the gowden simmer prime
O' rosy-mantled June ;
The laverock sang high in the air,
The white cluds floated slow
Owre twenty stern, determined men
Twa hundred years ago ;
Frae the owre-hingin', deep-blue hills
The reid sun glintin' doun

Saw twenty o' Christ's witnesses
Ride into Sanquhar toun :
The holy psalm, the voice o' prayer,
And then the warnin' ring
O' words renouncin' fealty
Unto a perjured king.

Feeble and few were those wha daured
Foretell a kingdom's loss ;
But fearless they the dauntless words
Nailed to the Sanquhar Cross.
Humble, heroic rebels ye !
If the time e'er come to fling
The defiance o' the People
'Gainst the airmies o' the King,
Here is ane sprang frae four loins
Wha shall grimly tak' his place,
And daur to hurl the gauntlet
Richt in the tyrant's face !

O, wild it seemed when outlawed folk
Proclaimed an empty throne,
Sentenced to exile royal lives,
And could not save their own ;
Then scattered to the purple muir,
The mountain and the glen,
Against a mighty empire
The ban o' twenty men !

On wild Airs Moss lay Cameron low,
Peden slept 'neath the stane,
Young Renwick from the scaffold high
Unto his Lord had gane ;
Broken was Balfour's lippit sword,
Sair duntit Paton's mail,
Sair, sair was Mitchell's agony,
And the torture o' M'Kail ;
Few saw the signs o' comin' doom,
The writin' on the wa' ;
But the false monarch's cup was fu',
He tottered to his fa' :

Wae to the race that sat enthroned
Upon a People's pain ;
Their Lord is God ; his martyred anes
Cry not—not to Him in vain !

THE COVENANT SANGS.

GEORGE PAULIN.

I'VE wandered east, I've wandered wast, auld Scotland's
 hills amang,
 An' listened to the ploughman's lilt, the shepherd's
 e'enin' sang,
 An' sadly mused on bygane days—for there's nae sang
 ava
 To mind ye o' the brave auld times—the Covenant
 times awa'.

The braid blue bannet still may cleed the pows in green
 Glencairn,
 The laverock wake the mavis yet in howes o' auld
 Carsphairn ;
 But waes me for the Covenant psalm, that echoed aince
 amang
 The wastlin' hames o' Scotland, mair sweet than mavis'
 sang.

Aince gaed ye east, or gaed ye wast, on howm or
 heather braes,
 In clachan, cot, an' shiel was heard the e'enin' lilt o'
 praise ;

And i' the calm o' morn and even, the solemn sounds
o' prayer
Frae Scotland's hames amang the hills, gaed floatin' up
the air.

Frae Solway to Dunnottar, frae the Bass to Fenwick
Moor,
The Covenant life was bonnie aince, the Covenant faith
was pure ;
The flow'rs o' heaven were rife on earth—frae 'neath
the auld blue bannet,
Cam' croonin' up King David's psalm, or aiblins
Erskine's sonnet.

But noo nae mair amang the glens, nae mair amang the
hills,
The simple strains o' Covenant times, the muirlan'
shepherd trills :
Ye'll wander far afore ye hear the e'enin' psalm ava—
The bonnie flowers o' Scotland's faith are nearly wed
awa'.

THE DOWNFALL OF DALZELL.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE wind is cold, the snow falls fast,
 The night is dark and late,
 As I lift aloud my voice and cry
 By the oppressor's gate.
 There is a voice in every hill,
 A tongue in every stone ;
 The greenwood sings a song of joy,
 Since thou art dead and gone :
 A poet's voice is in each mouth,
 And songs of triumph swell,
 Glad songs that tell the gladsome earth
 The downfall of Dalzell.

As I raised up my voice to sing,
 I heard the green earth say :
 Sweet am I now to beast and bird,
 Since thou art past away,
 I hear no more the battle-shout,
 The martyr's dying moans ;
 My cottages and cities sing
 From their foundation stones ;

The carbine and the culverin's mute—
The death-shot and the yell
Are twin'd into a shout of joy,
For thy downfall, Dalzell.

I've trode thy banner in the dust
And caused the raven call
From thy bride-chamber to the owl
Hatched on thy castle wall ;
I've made thy minstrel's music dumb,
And silent now to fame
Art thou, save when the orphan casts
His curses on thy name.
Now thou may'st say to good men's prayers
A long and last farewell :
There's hope for every sin save thine—
Adieu, adieu, Dalzell !

The grim pit opes for thee her gates,
Where punished spirits wail,
And ghastly death throws wide her door,
And hails thee with " All hail ! "
Deep from the grave there comes a voice,
A voice with hollow tones,
Such as a spirit's tongue would have
That spoke through hollow bones :—
Arise, ye martyred men, and shout
From earth to howling hell :

He comes, the persecutor comes !
All hail to thee, Dalzell !

O'er an old battlefield there rushed
A wind, and with a moan
The severed limbs all rustling rose
Even fellow, bone to bone.
Lo ! there he goes, I heard them cry,
Like babe in swathing band,
Who shook the temples of the Lord,
And passed them 'neath his brand !
Cursed be the spot where he was born ;
There let the adders dwell,
And from his father's hearthstone hiss :
All hail to thee, Dalzell !

I saw thee growing like a tree—
Thy green head touched the sky—
But birds far from thy branches built,
The wild deer pass'd thee by :
No golden dew dropt on thy bough,
Glad summer scorned to grace
Thee with her flowers, nor shepherds wooed
Beside thy dwelling place.
The axe has come and hew'd thee down,
Nor left one shoot to tell
Where all thy stately glory grew ;
Adieu, adieu, Dalzell !

An ancient man stands by thy gate,
His head like thine is gray—
Gray with the woes of many years—
Years four-score and a day.
Five brave and stately sons were his ;
Two daughters, sweet and rare :
An old dame, dearer than them all,
And lands both broad and fair :—
Two broke their hearts when two were slain,
And three in battle fell—
An old man's curse shall cling to thee :
Adieu, adieu, Dalzell !

And yet I sigh to think of thee,
A warrior tried and true,
As ever spurred a steed, when thick
The splintering lances flew.
I saw thee in thy stirrups stand,
And hew thy foes down fast
When Grierson fled, and Maxwell fail'd ;
And Gordon stood aghast ;
And Graham, saved by thy sword, raged fierce
As one redeem'd from hell.
I came to curse thee—and I weep :
So go in peace, Dalzell.

ANDREW HISLOP.

JOHN VEITCH, LL.D.

[One of the proscribed Covenanters, overcome by sickness, had found shelter in the house of a respectable widow, and had died there. The corpse was discovered by the laird of Westerhall, a petty tyrant and an apostate. He pulled down the widow's house, left her and her younger children to wander in the fields, and dragged Andrew, a lad of 17, before Claverhouse. The guns were loaded, and the youth was told to pull his bonnet over his face. He refused, and stood confronting his murderers with his Bible in his hand. "I can look you in the face," he said; "I have done nothing of which I need be ashamed. But how will you look in that day when you shall be judged by what is written in this book?" He fell dead, and was buried in the moor. (See Macaulay's *History of England*, vol. i., chap. 4). The story is found also in Wodrow and the *Cloud of Witnesses*].

ANDREW HISLOP! shepherd lad,
 "Martyr" graven on your tomb;
 Here you met the brutal Clavers,
 Here you bore his murderous doom!

Coming from the hill that morn,
 Doing humble duty well;
 Free in step, your honest look,
 Born of sunlight on the fell.

Here the Eskdale mountains round you,
 In your ear the murmuring stream;

Here, 'tis May, the bleating lambs—
Life but seems a peaceful dream.

With no weapon but the crook
Your soft helpless flock to guide ;
Here they shot you, shepherd lad,
Here you poured your warm heart tide !

“ Ere I pass into the Presence,
May I make a prayer to God ? ”
“ Not one word,” said brutal Clavers,
“ We’ve no time, you wretched clod !

“ Draw your bonnet o’er your eyes,
That is boon enough for thee.”
“ I pass to God with open face,
Whom you will hardly dare to see ! ”

Westerhall and Claverhouse,
Turn now since the deed is done !
What care ye for rebel corpse ?
Let it bleach beneath the sun !

So they left you, martyr brave,
Left you on the reddened sod ;
But no raven touched your face ;
On it lay the peace of God !

On the moor the widow mother
Bows to lot of dule and pine ;
And Westerhall and Claverhouse
Have merrily rode back to dine !

THE COVENANTER'S NIGHT HYMN.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR (DELTA).

I.

Ho ! plaided watcher of the hill,
What of the night ? what of the night ?
The winds are low, the woods are still,
The countless stars are sparkling bright.
From out this heathery moorland glen,
By the shy wild-fowl only trode,
We raise our hymn, unheard of men,
To Thee, an omnipresent God !

II.

Jehovah ! though no sign appear,
Through earth our aimless path to lead,
We know, we feel Thee ever near,
A present help in time of need—
Near, as when, pointing out the way,
For ever in Thy people's sight,
A pillared wreath of smoke by day,
Which turned to fiery flame at night.

III.

Whence came the summons forth to go?
From Thee awoke the warning sound!
“Out to your tents, O Israel! Lo!
The heathen’s warfare girds thee round.
Sons of the faithful! up, away!
The lamb must of the wolf beware:
The falcon seeks the dove for prey;
The fowler spreads his cunning snare.”

IV.

Day set in gold; ’twas peace around;
’Twas seeming peace by field and flood.
We woke, and on our lintels found
The cross of wrath—the mark of blood.
Lord! in Thy cause we mocked at fears,
We scorned the ungodly’s threatening words,
Beat out our pruning hooks to spears,
And turned our ploughshares into swords!

V.

Degenerate Scotland! days have been
Thy soil when only freeman trod;
When mountain, crag, and valley green,
Poured forth the loud acclaim to God!
The fire which liberty imparts,
Refulgent in each patriot eye,

And graven on a nation's hearts,
The Word—for which we stand or die !

VI.

Unholy change ! The scorner's chair
Is now the seat of those who rule ;
Tortures, and bonds, and death, the share
Of all except the tyrant's tool.
That faith in which our father's breathed,
And had their life, for which they died,
That priceless heirloom they bequeathed
Their sons—our impious foes deride.

VII.

So we have left our homes behind,
And we have belted on the sword,
And we in solemn league have joined,
Yea ! covenanted with the Lord,
Never to seek those homes again,
Never to give the sword its sheath,
Until our rights of faith remain
Unfettered as the air we breathe !

VIII.

O Thou, who rulest above the sky,
Begirt about with starry thrones,

Cast from the heaven of heavens Thine eye
Down on our wives and little ones,
From hallelujahs surging round,
Oh! for a moment turn Thine ear,
The widow prostrate on the ground,
The famished orphan's cries to hear!

IX.

And Thou wilt hear; it cannot be,
That Thou wilt list the raven's brood,
When from their nest they scream to Thee,
And in due season send them food;
It cannot be that Thou wilt weave
The lily such superb array,
And yet unfed, unsheltered, leave
Thy children—as if less than they!

X.

We have no hearth—the ashes lie
In blackness where they brightly shone;
We have no home—the desert sky
Our covering, earth our couch alone;
We have no heritage—deprived
Of these, we ask not such on earth;
Our hearts are sealed; we seek in heaven
For heritage, and home, and hearth!

XI.

O Salem, city of the saints,
And holy men made perfect ! We
Pant for thy gates, our spirits faint
Thy glorious golden streets to see ;
To mark the rapture that inspires
The ransomed and redeemed by grace ;
To listen to the seraph's lyres,
And meet the angels face to face !

XII.

Father in Heaven ! we turn not back,
Though briers and thorns choke up the path ;
Rather the tortures of the rack,
Than tread the wine-press of Thy wrath.
Let thunders crash ; let torrents shower ;
Let whirlwinds churn the howling sea ;
What is the turmoil of an hour
To an eternal calm with Thee ?

THE BATTLE OF DRUMCLOG.

ALEXANDER G. MURDOCH.

BREAK! veil of clouds! Ho! there it shines—the
 splendid sun of June—
 Above Drumclog's unploughed morass, an hour before
 the noon;
 And gathered on the heather-brae, rough-booted, there
 they stand—
 A stout sword girded on each thigh, a Bible in each
 hand—
 A handful of heroic men—God's covenanted few—
 Who dare in face of fire and death to hold their con-
 science true.
 And see, each stalwart form is bowed, each honest brow
 is bare,
 While, soft as dew, falls on each ear the preacher's voice
 of prayer.
 God bless that reverend head of his! those humbly
 lifted hands!
 Fulfilling on the wild hills thus the Master's high com-
 mands!
 A boulder stone his Bible-board; the hill pool, deep and
 clear,

God's cup of sacramental wine, o'erflowing year by
year ;
And proudly throbs that parent's heart whose first-born
gift is laid
On some bare altar of the glen, by the white linn o'er-
sprayed.

But list ! the solemn voice of praise uprising through
the calm—
Auld Scotland sending up to God her highest faith in
psalm.
Ah ! there it swells and shakes the air—a hymn of holy
words,
Mixed with the music of the winds, the wild cries of the
birds.
No consecrations need they there—no mummeries of
Rome—
The pillared rocks their temple vast, the heavens their
boundless dome.
The awful silence of the hills lies round them far and
wide,
And God they feel is with them there conversing side
by side.
They see His templed majesty high set among the hills,
His organ voice of cataracts the wilds with thunder
fills,
And deep within the still ravines they hear the chant of
streams

Where, all the noon, the antlered stag untroubled
drinks and dreams.

The Bible, with its grand old forms, and words of
blessèd power,

Their prayer-book and their psalm-book still an all-
sufficient dower ;

The heather-brae, the altar floor, receives their kneeling
knees.

God bless auld Scotland's sturdy breast that suckles
bairns like these !

The solemn song of praise is o'er, the far-off echo dies,
And once again the larks are loud within the summer
skies ;

And now the preacher's lifted voice has stirred the air
with power,

The gates of heaven are open flung for one ecstatic
hour ;

Their faith, wild as the hills, takes wing, and men, with
bearded face,

See white hands reaching down from heaven the pro-
mised gift of grace.

Then sweetlier blows each heather stalk, with all its
bells of blue,

And every wind is psalmed with praise, that sweeps the
breckans through ;

The very hills, whose giant arms enclose them like a
dream,
Transfigured in the light of faith heaven's high-throned
altars seem.

But stay ! the signal shot is fired upon the neighbouring
height.

Now, veil awhile, thou brilliant sun, thy mockery of
light !

Loud on the clear, still air the throb of nearing hoofs is
heard,

And Bibles in God's name are kissed, and swords are
grasped and bared,

And brief and hurried words of prayer and firm resolve
are cast—

The offerings of a simple faith—on the unconscious
blast.

Now, lads, put past your Bibles all, the sword must do
the rest.

And lo ! God's book is buttoned up within each sturdy
breast ;

Steady there, men ; stand fast and sure. Ha ! there
the vaunter comes—

Bold Claver'se—with high heavy horse and roll of
kettledrums.

Round the far shoulder of the hill they fiercely plough
the sod,

Their shining blades athirst to slay the sainted men of
God ;

Their white plumes lifted on the winds, like sea-foam on
the blast,

The wreckers of God's children these ! dress up, lads,
stout and fast !

Ho ! where is Burley—John Balfour ? and Hackstoun
—where is he ?

Five minutes, lads, and Claver's horse will drench ye
like a sea.

Ha ! here's Sir Robert, side by side with Cleland. God
be blessed !

Sir Robert of the eagle eye and high heroic chest.

His voice, clear as a bugle, rings across the marshy fen—

“Dress up along the front line, lads, and stand the
charge like men.”

So they together closer pressed, and waited for the
shock,

Rough shoulder to rough shoulder laid—a bouldered
front of rock.

The God of Judah's land, they sang, and strong men
wildly wept,

And brows grew dark, and eyes flashed fire, and heart
to heart out-leapt.

They minded, too, of that fair youth—the shepherd lad
who dared,

In faith, the mighty Philistine ; and how the youth was
spared.

Of Pharaoh's host, too, 'whelmed and sunk beneath the
red sea wave ;
And crouching there, they felt that God was mighty
still to save.

Then, all the bairns and feeble folks went backwards
up the brae,
While down the hill-side strode the men a half-a-mile
away.
Before them all is loud with stir ; behind, the mountain
airs
Are murmurous with the greet of bairns, and throb of
mothers' prayers.

But where's Sir Robert ? here he comes with Hackstoun
on his right—
“Fire, lads!” they drove their slugs like hail, and
many a steed ran light.
Ay, horse and man—together rolled—lay plunging in
the bog ;
“Noo, loup the ditches!” Burley cried, “and gi'e the
loons a shog.”
At once they lightly leapt the heath, and o'er the wet
ground broke,
And caps and plumes together went, and drove like
drifts of smoke ;
Above them on their plunging steeds the troopers
fiercely hung,

And wildly round their bonnets blue the long blades
flashed and rung ;

And pistol shots, and damning oaths, and maddened
shrieks of prayer,

Rose from the fighting mass of men and rung the
shaken air.

As when the sea is white with storms, and all the
sounding shore

Is moaning with the lash of waves, so rose and fell the
roar.

See, yonder's bloody Claver'se. Press on, and close
him round,

His staggering steed is pouring out its life-blood on the
ground.

God send him meeting with our chief, Sir Robert, bold
and big,

Or John Balfour o' Burleigh, lads—it's he could dress
his wig.

Aim well, and shoot the hireling down—the minion of
King James,

The last, and worst, and bloodiest of all the titled
Grahames.

Flash, flash ! two shots and twenty more are hurtled at
his breast.

It's useless ; fight him hand o'er hand, the cold steel
tells the best.

Have at him, lads, the titled wretch ! let life for life be
paid,

Praise Heaven ! if only stout Balfour might meet him
blade to blade.

Thrice Hackstoun's arm, with ringing sword, hung
wildly on his track,

And thrice the plumed dragoons closed round and bore
the brave man back.

And Hall o' Haughead, bless his heart, and manly
strength of arm,

The line of horse he shivered twice and wrought the foe
alarm.

Press on ! press on ! the fierce dragoons fight round
him wild and well,

In Christ's name drive the hireling band o'er morass,
flood, and fell.

Ycn's he ! yon's he ! great Claver'se ! He of the long
white plume,

In God's name clear a passage, lads ; give Burley fight-
ing room.

Thank Heaven ! he's on his track at last ! he nears
him, bound on bound,

Strike ! Claver'se's gallant steed is down, his rider
bites the ground.

Upon him, Burley, hip and thigh ; strike at him fast
and sure,

And have the deed in marble told whilst Scotland's hills
endure :

But, swift as light, the fierce dragoons close round him
ring on ring,

And safe from Burley's sweeping steel their horseless
captain bring ;
Together, lads, together press ; have at them, stroke
on stroke,
The might of Burley's arm this day hath saved the
Lord's ain flock ;
Upon them with the lifted pikes, and drive them down
the brae,
For Christ and Scotland's Covenant we wet our swords
this day.

And thus the fight went wild and well, and then, thank
God ! at last
Across the moor the broken horse went flying far and
fast.
Bold Claver'se, with blood-stained curls, his steed bare-
headed rides—
With oath of menace on his lips he spurs her bleeding
sides.
Up Calder height he climbs his way, his troops behind
him strown,
Wide scattered, as when o'er the fields the wasted
leaves are blown.
And when, by dint of spur and oath, the purple height
he gains,
Shame flushing all his handsome brow, his eyes he
backward strains ;

One damning sight alone is there—Christ's banner,
broad and white,

A league away floats firm and fair against the glad sun-
light.

O cruel mockery of arms! the vision stabs his pride,
A handful of rude men to force his fast retreating ride.

"God! it were better to have fallen upon that barren
heath,

Than suffer from these peasant hordes dishonour, worse
than death."

A cloud sits on his helmless brow — "God send
another day!"

And waving on his scattered horse, he rides hard-paced
away.

Now praise be to the name of Christ, and God, the
Lord most high,

Who drove that day, o'er bog and brae, the godless—
hip and thigh ;

And sweet rest to the valiant souls who broke the front
of wrong,

Be their's the fadeless crown of life and shining fame of
song.

SONNET.

ROBERT HOGG.

Written on leaving a meeting at which a young Scots *clergyman* was delivering an eulogy of Claverhouse, in the which he denounced the Covenanters as ignorant fanatics, etc.

YES! justify the tyrant's every deed
 Of infamy and shame. Gloss o'er his flaws
 And excesses. Nay, rain on them applause!
 Approve entire his heartless, cruel creed,
 And sneer at those he crushed as some vile weed
 Beneath his horse's hoof upon the grass;
 Defame those sufferers in the noblest cause
 That e'er inspired our countrymen to bleed.

Land flowered with martyrs! hath it come to this,
 Thy sons should meekly sit and list the while
 A pervert base, with blighting breath, doth hiss
 That hero-band—their memory revile
 Who “unto death” stood for those liberties
 Which—praise be theirs!—still on our country smile.

THE DEATH OF ARCHIBALD, FIRST MAR- QUIS OF ARGYLE.

*(Who was Executed at the Cross of Edinburgh in May,
1661).*

JAMES DODDS.*

FROM Mull to Cantire a low wailing is heard,
And the banks of the Aray lament for their lord ;
For the pine which so long hath withstood every blast,
From the top of the mountains down headlong is cast.
The name of Argyle, which was first in the land,
Is a skiff dashed to pieces on Jura's rough strand.

As a prisoner he stands where he once sat a peer,
And the lowest to fawn are the loudest to jeer ;
And there scowl in fury his deadliest foes,
And the whisper goes round them, " Remember Mon-
trose."

But so false are the charges, the slanders so base,
That back on their authors they roll with disgrace ;

* For this and other productions of James Dodds contained in *The Harp of the Scottish Covenant*, acknowledgements are due to Messrs. John MacLaren & Son, publishers of *Lays of the Covenanters*.

His judges, tho' void of compassion or shame,
Can fasten no treasonous blot on his name :
In discomfited rage for a moment they pause,
Like a hawk when the prey hath escaped from his claws.

But who at the portal knocks loudly and fast ?
'Tis a herald from Court, let his message be passed.
All eyes are enkindled, "'Tis a pardon !" Ah, no !
From a source so polluted no mercy could flow.
'Tis a casket of letters which Monk hath betrayed,
As the price for his basely won coronet paid,
The pent-up dissembler, the heart-rotten knave,
With a warrior's plume, but the soul of a slave.

May his name stand for aye a reproach and a scorn !
May gem and green leaf from his forehead be torn !
In their curses let minstrel and annalist join,
They, the champions of honour, and vowed to her
shrine.
Be the faults of the dead in their dark house concealed ;
But baseness like this even death cannot shield,
That the living may learn, and may shrink from such
crime
When they hear the deep curse of the far after-time.

Thus the handle is given, no matter how weak,
It serves them their long-hoarded vengeance to wreak ;

Then peal, ye hoarse trumpets ! the traitor proclaim,
Argyle be attainted in honours and name.
His doom is pronounced with an ill-suppressed joy,
For the dragon is loosed, and his watchword, "Des-
troy !"

In meekness he rises, no fear on his cheek,
And raises his hand with a motion to speak :
" My sovereign, this hand placed the crown on his
brow,
To a crown more exalted he hastens me now.
In an earthly king's grace ye will grant me no part,
But the grace of the Lord hath been sealed to my
heart ;
When he comes to the judgment, and all eyes shall see,
No such measure be yours as ye mete unto me !"

He awaits in his dungeon his doom thus decreed,
Nor doth God cast him off in the hour of his need ;
In patience he waits, with a conscience at rest,
And a courage which never till now filled his breast.

Not his the bold heart that leaps up for the fray,
Nor the fierce daring game that ambition will play,
Nor the patriot's wild fervour, that bursts like a flood,
And will ransom his country or perish in blood.
Yet, if self made him waver or wind on his road,
If he crept where a bolder would nobly have strode,

If a close worldly spirit was mixed with his zeal,
Still his ends were his country's, her rights and her
weal;

Long was he the bulwark, in trouble and woe,
Her dear-cherished faith to preserve from each foe.
And now all his frailty and fearfulness fly,
Serene and composed he prepares him to die;
For they who are true, though in weakness and fear,
New strengthenings shall find as new struggles appear :
And Argyle, though faint-hearted in prosperous days,
Now looks upon death with a hero's firm gaze.
Thus the mist may have hung over mountain and glen,
And gloominess shrouded the dwellings of men,
Yet the sun ere he sets through the gray clouds may
soar,
And sink in soft lustre behind Bein-an-or !

On the morning of blood all his friends gather round,
But his hopes ever brighter, his comforts abound ;
And his foes shrink abashed, who came thither to smile
O'er the last abject looks of the fallen Argyle.
No ! calm as a martyr, not cowed like a thrall,
He falls as a prince of the people should fall !

“ I could die like a Roman, but rather will die
As a Christian, whose charter is sealed in the sky.
My doom may seem stern, but the time will soon show
That soundest they sleep who are sleeping below.

To sin or to suffer shall soon be your choice,
And the elect shall weep, but the world shall rejoice ;
The pang of a moment shall blow me ashore,
Where they sin not, nor suffer, nor grieve any more !”

The death-blow is struck, and the bloody head down,
As a trophy to hang on the newly-raised throne ;
And the poor mangled corse, in its red currents dyed,
By a few faithful clansmen is borne o’er the Clyde :
In the vaults of Kilmun they have laid him to rest,
Where Loch Holy bemoans to the hills of the west.

Ah ! the furnace is heated, and fierce is the flame,
And peer, priest, and peasant, must pass through the
same,

Till Scotland be seven times tried like the gold,
And return to her faith and her love as of old ;
Then on her long night shall arise a bright day,
And the sign, when a standard shall float in Torbay !

MISTRESS ELIZABETH WELCH.

JEANIE MORISON.

THE king he wons at Hampton Courte,
 Whar Thames flaws braid to the sea,
 The birdies are liltin' their blythe spring sang
 'Mang the young green leaves on the tree.

In his simmer parlour sits the king,
 Wi' a muckle tome on his knee ;
 The sweet, fresh breeze turns ower the page
 O' "The Laws o' Free Monarchy."

He heeds na its scent, stown frae violet beds,
 Nor the flichterin' licht an' shade
 Whar the great elms bend ower the young green grass,
 And the shy deer steal through the glade.

Wi' finger close followin' its black letter,
 Connin' his buik sits he,
 Wi' an angry frown upon his broo,
 An' craw's-feet about his e'e.

He hears na the door that's turned on its hinge,
He hears na the page's word,
But he starts as it shuts, an' claps his han'
Whar hings at his side his sword.

"Odds wounds !" quoth he, as his eyes he raised,
"An' wha the deil may be ye ?"
Afore him there stan's a comely dame
Drappin' a law curtsie.

"The wife o' Mister John Welch, my liege,
By leave o' your courtesie,
Wha prayed for speech wi' the King his grace,
By my Lord o' Ochiltree."

"Sit ye doon, sit ye doon, guid dame," quoth the King,
"An' what may your will be wi' me ?"
"His ain hill-air for a dying man,
By the grace o' your clemency.

"Mister Welch he has tholed fu' saxteen year
I' the alien's far countree,
An' he asks but in his ain Scots' land
To lay him doon and dee.

"Sma' fushion there's noo in his wasted arm
To shake it at Prelacy ;

But 'mang kith an' kin his weary banes
He wad lay, by your clemency."

The frown it cam' back to the King his broo,
"What odds whar dead men are laid,
An' whar will you fin' in our grey Scotland
Ocht like yon bonny glade ?

"Your gudeman may tak' his pleasurin' here
Frae morn till evensang,
An' say that he's here by King James his word,
Gin ony wad speak him wrang."

"The sun it shone fu' fair in France,
An' bonnily lies Rochelle,
But his heart it broke for the Castle Rock
An' auld grey Salisbury Fell,

"An' the cry o' the moorcock frae the moss,
An' the glint o' the heather bell,
An' the wind that blaws frae the bauld hill tap
Whar the gowden eagles dwell.

"The Thames it flaws braid by Hampton Court
An' its sunny glades fu' fair,
But he's dyin' o' thirst for ae lang, lang whiff
O' the Stewartone's caller air."

“Sae Mister John Welch is your man, fair dame,
An’ wha micht your faither be ?
My troth but thae preachers they ken fu’ weel
A comely dame when they see !”

“They ca’ed my faither John Knox,” she said,
Wi’ a lightenin’ in her e’e,
“John Knox an’ Welch ! the deil ne’er made
Sic a match as that,” quo’ he.

“It’s like ye’re richt, sir,” she answered him,
“For his counsel we didna speir.”
“An’ hoo mony lads an’ lasses, guid dame,
Did John Knox, your faither, rear ?”

“He left but three lasses, sae please your grace.”
“Noo, Guid be thankit therefor !
For an they had been three lads,” he said,
“My three kingdoms’ peace were ower.”

“My liege, ye’ll gie by your kingly grace,
My gudeman his native air ?”
“Gie him the deil !” quoth the King wi’ a frown.
She up on her feet then an’ there—

“Gie that to your hungry courtiers, my lord,”
Quo’ she, an’ wi’ curtsey law

She's turned on her heel to gang her way
Frae King an' court an' a'.

"Hoot, hoot, gudewife, sit ye doon, sit ye doon,
'Twas nocht but a foolin' saw ;
Gin the bishops to heed ye can win your gudeman,
He may aft to the Stewartone or daw'!"

She turned her an' up wi' her apron then,
Wi' a flash in her e'en sae clear,
"My lord, or ever I speak that word
I'll kep his dead head here."

She has left King Jamie at Hampton Court,
An' hame to her gudeman gaes she ;
The King he stan's fidgin' an' fidgettin' sair,
Ower "The Laws o' Free Monarchy."

He fechts an' he fidgets amang the leaves,
An' syne for his page ca's he,
"Gae fetch me yon prood carline's cousin," he said,
"My Lord o' Ochiltree."

"Gin Welch be a dyin' man this day,
We maun gie him the tae half his will ;
Gae tell your cousin, my lord," he said,
"He may preach till he's preached his fill."

The licht it flashed up i' the dimmin' e'e
When Welch heard the King his word,
An' he's dragged his senseless limbs ance mair
I' the pulpit to speak for his Lord.

Richt lang an' earnestly he's tauld
His message frae the King ;
An' syne he's shut his chamber's door,
An' his life's reckoning.

She's laid him in the green, green mould,
Far frae baith kith an' kin,
But a goodlier than his ain Scots' land
Has opened an' let him in.

LINES ON AN OLD COMMUNION CUP.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.
 ("Surfaceman.")

I LIFT this old communion cup,
 And lo ! what visions gather up,
 Like white clouds in a summer day
 When all the winds have fled away !

For I can deem its sacred rim
 May have been touched by Balfour grim ;
 Or Peden, in whose fitful eye
 Rose up the light of Prophecy ;
 Or Cameron, ere the heather knew
 On wild Airsmoss a darker hue ;
 Or Renwick, in the dew of youth,
 Before he gave his life for Truth.

I see, far out among the hills,
 Whose voices are the lonely rills,
 The bleat of sheep, the curlew's cry,
 The wail of winds that wander by,
 I see a band of earnest men
 For whom Truth waves her torch again

To draw them onward with its fire,
To dare to struggle and aspire.
The simple faith to worship God
In the old ways their fathers trod
Has brought them there ; and now they stand,
As outlaws in their native land,
To claim that right ; and Nature there
Joins in the spirit of their prayer.

I mark their faces, stern and keen,
And eyes that flash forth what they mean.
A sword is in each strong right hand,
Ready to leap forth at command.
A Bible in the left—the crown
For which they fight—and eyebrows down
In that stern will which cannot bend,
But dares and suffers to the end.

I look again, and maidens there
Bloom forth like summer sweet and fair,
Beside their lovers sit, who know
That one swift onset of the foe
Might change the coming bridal wreath
To cypress and the leaves of death.
And sober matrons, in whose eyes
Fear, with its troubled shadow, lies,
For husbands, sons, whose blood ere night
May dye the bracken with its blight.

Hush ! upward on the moorland calm,
The wailing pathos of the psalm,
And far along the bleak, grey hill
It floats in echoes, then is still.
Hark to the preacher. Eyes are there,
And hearts that hang upon the prayer,
And treasure, as a miser seeks
To hide his gold, the words he speaks.
O, sacred task to speak to men
Who turn and search for truth again ;
No higher task has yet been given
Than bearing messages from heaven.

The vision sinks to rise again
On flashing swords and dying men ;
Gray heads have fallen low, and eyes
Stare blindly to the passive skies ;
The psalm has sunk amid the yell
Of curses from the mouth of hell.
The very Bible on the green
Lies torn and open, and between
The leaves, where promises are fair,
Its owner's blood is resting there.

"How long ?" was once the cry of old
When men rose and were stern and bold :
How long ? 'Tis not for us to think—
God knows it—let the vision sink.

So ran my thoughts, that, thronging up,
At sight of this communion cup,
Made pictures, till the inward eye
Saw underneath a lovely sky
Gray bearded men and matrons trim
Touch with hush'd lips its holy rim,
Till, in the spirit, Fancy lent
To colour all her dream I bent,
And, part of all the sacred scene,
Touch'd with my own where theirs had been.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JAMES RENWICK.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

WEEP, Scotland, weep ! Thy hills are sad to-day,
 But not with mist or rack that skirts the sky.
 The violent rule ; the godless man holds sway ;
 The young, the pure, the innocent must die !
 Weep, Scotland, weep ! Thy moors are sad to-day,
 Thy plaided people walk with tearful eye.
 For why ? He dies upon a gallows-tree
 Who boldly blew God's trump for Freedom and for
 thee !

'Tis a known tale ; it hath been so of old,
 And will be so again ; yet must we weep !
 High on red thrones the blushless and the bold
 Hold state ; the meek are bound in dungeons deep.
 Wolves watch the pen ; the lion robs the fold,
 While on soft down the hireling shepherds sleep.
 God's holy church becomes a mart where lies
 Pass free from knave to fool, but Christ's true prophet
 dies.

A youth was Renwick, gentle, fair, and fine ;
In aspect meek, but firm as rock in soul ;
By pious parents nursed, and holy line,
To steer by truth, as seamen by the pole.
In Holland's learned halls the word divine
He read, which to proclaim he made the whole
Theme of his life ; then back to Scotland came,
At danger's call, to preach in blessed Jesus' name.

They watched his coming, and the coast with spies
Planted to trap him ; but he 'scaped their snare.
To the brown hills and glens of Kyle he hies,
And with a steadfast few finds refuge there.
On the black bogs, and 'neath the inclement skies,
In rocky caves, on mist-wreathed mountains bare,
The youthful prophet voiced God's tidings good,
As free as Baptist John by Jordan's sacred flood.

Fierce fumed the ruthless king. By statute law,
To sing God's praise upon the purple hill
Was treason. Courtly slaves with envy saw
One unbought soul assert a manly will,
And with his own hands from those fountains draw,
Which sophists troubled with pretentious skill
To make them clearer ; as if God's own plan
For fining human dross must beg a stamp from man !

Wide o'er the moors now tramp the red dragoons,
To hunt God's plaided saints from every nook ;
And from a court of bravos and poltroons
Goes forth the law which takes the blessed Book
From the free shepherd's hands, that hireling loons
May spell it to a sense that kings may brook.
Far raged o'er hill and heath the despot's sword,
But faithful Renwick preached, and owned no human
lord.

Bold as when Peter in the temple stood
With John, and at the gate called Beautiful,
Healed the lame man ; and stirred the spiteful mood
Of priest and high-priest, holding haughty rule ;
Witless ! Who weened that God's apostles should
With human law and lawyers go to school :
So boldly Renwick stood ; and undismayed
With firm, unfaltering faith, God and not man obeyed.

And faithful people loved him. From Green Ayr,
Nithsdale, Glencairn, Sanquhar, and founts of Ken,
Free pilgrim feet o'er perilous pathways fare,
To hear young Renwick preach in treeless glen ;
And mothers bring their new-born babes, to bear
Baptismal blessings from his touch ; and when
Fearless he flings the glowing word abroad,
Full many a noble soul is winged with fire from God.

Yet must he die ! The fangs of law are keen ;
False Law, the smooth pretender of the Right,
That still to knaves a sharp-edged tool hath been,
To give a fair name to usurping Might !
By Law round noble Hamilton, I ween,
The faggot blazed to feed proud Beaton's spite ;
And now when Scotland's best to please the Pope
And Romish James, must die—'tis Law that knots the
rope !

Let loose your hounds, cold-blooded lawyers ! pay
The knave to trap the saint ! your work is done.
Young Renwick falls, to venal spies a prey,
And lawless Law kills Scotland's fairest son.
The grey Grassmarket heard him preach to-day
On the red scaffold floor. His race is run.
Now kings and priests, with brave light-hearted joy,
May drain their cups, nor fear the bold, truth-speaking
boy !

Weep ! Scotland, weep ! but only for a day ;
Frail stands the throne whose props are glued with
gore ;
For a short hour the godless man holds sway,
And Justice whets her knife at Murder's door.
Weep, Scotland ! but let noble pride this day
Beam through thine eye with sorrow streaming o'er ;
For why ? Thy Renwick's dead, whose noble crime
Gave Freedom's trumpet breath, an hour before the time.

THE SONG OF JENNY GEDDES.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

SOME praise the fair Queen Mary, and some the good
Queen Bess,

And some the wise Aspasia, beloved by Pericles ;
But o'er the world's brave women, there's one that bears
the rule,

The valiant Jenny Geddes, that flung the three-legged
stool.

With a row-dow—at them now !—Jenny flung the stool.

'Twas the twenty-third of July, in the sixteen thirty-
seven,

On the Sabbath morn from high St. Giles the solemn
peal was given ;

King Charles had sworn that Scottish men should pray
by printed rule ;

He sent a book, but never dreamt of danger from a
stool.

With a row-dow—yes, I trow—there's danger in a stool !

The Council and the Judges, with ermined pomp elate,
The Provost and the Bailies in gold and crimson state,
Fair silken-vested ladies, grave doctors of the school,
Were there to please the King, and learn the virtues of
a stool.

With a row-dow—yes, I trow !—there's virtue in a stool !

The Bishop and the Dean came in wi' muckle gravity,
Right smooth and sleek, but lordly pride was lurking
in their e'e ;

Their full lawn sleeves were blown and big, like seals in
briny pool ;

They bore a book, but little thought they soon should
feel a stool.

*With a row-dow—yes, I trow ! they'll feel a three-legged
stool !*

The Dean he to the altar went, and, with a solemn look,
He cast his eyes to heaven, and read the curious-printed
book :

In Jenny's heart the blood upwelled with bitter anguish
full ;

Sudden she started to her legs, and stoutly grasped the
stool !

With a row-dow !—at them now !—firmly grasped the stool !

As when a mountain wild-cat springs upon a rabbit
small,

So Jenny on the Dean springs, with gush of holy gall ;
Wilt thou say mass at my lugs, thou popish-puling fool ?

No ! no ! she said, and at his head she flung the three-
legged stool.

With a row dow—at them now !—Jenny fling the stool !

A bumb, a thump ! a smash, a crash ! now gentle folks
beware !

Stool after stool, like rattling hail, came tirling through
the air,

With, well done, Jenny ! bravo, Jenny ! that's the pro-
per tool !

When the Deil will out, and shows his snout, just meet
him with a stool !

With a row-dow—at them now !—there's nothing like a stool !

The Council and the Judges were smitten with strange
fear,

The ladies and the Bailies their seats did deftly clear,
The Bishop and the Dean went in sorrow and in dool,
And all the Popish flummery fled when Jenny showed
the stool !

With a row-dow—at them now !—Jenny show the stool !

And thus a mighty deed was done by Jenny's valiant
hand,

Black Prelacy and Popery she drove from Scottish land ;
King Charles he was a shuffling knave, priest Laud a
meddling fool,

But Jenny was a woman wise, who beat them with a
stool !

With a row-dow—yes, I trow !—she conquered by a stool !

THE MARTYRS OF WIGTON.

MRS. HARRIET STUART MENTEATH.

AY ! bonnie hills of Galloway ! the clouds above ye
driven

Make pleasant shadows in your depths, with glints and
gleams of heaven ;

And ye have fairy, hidden lakes, deep in your secret
breast,

Which shine out suddenly like stars, as the sunbeams
go to rest ;

And ye have dells, and greenwood nooks, and little
valleys still,

Where the wild bee bows the harebell down, beside the
mountain rill ;

And over all, gray Cairnsmore glooms, a monarch stern
and lone,

Though the heather climbs his barrenness, and purples
half his throne !

O bonnie hills of Galloway ! oft have I stood to see,
At sunset hour, your shadows fall, all darkening on the
sea ;

While visions of the buried years came o'er me in their
might,

As phantoms of the sepulchre, instinct with inward
light !

The years, the years, when Scotland groaned beneath
her tyrant's hand,

And it was not for the heather, she was called "the
purple land ;"

And it was not for their loveliness, her children blessed
their God

For the secret places of the hills, and the mountain
heights untrod.

Oh ! as a rock, those memories still breast time's
surging flood ;

Her more than twice ten torture years of agony and
blood !

A lurid beacon light, they gleam upon her pathway now ;
They sign her with the Saviour's seal—His cross upon
her brow !

And never may the land whose flowers spring fresh
from martyr graves,

A moment's parley hold with Rome, her mimics, or her
slaves ;

A moment palter with the chains, whose scars are on
her yet.

Earth must give up the dead again, ere Scotland can
forget !

—A grave, a grave is by the sea, in a place of ancient
tombs ;

A restless murmuring of waves for ever o'er it comes ;

A pleasant sound in summer tide—a requiem low and
clear ;

But oh ! when storms are on the hill, it hath a voice of
fear !

So rank and high the tomb weeds wave around that
humble stone,

Ye scarce may trace the legend rude, with lichen half
o'ergrown.

But ask the seven years' child that sits beside the
broken wall ;

He will not need to spell it o'er—his heart hath stored
it all !

A peasant's tale—a humble grave ; two names on earth
unknown ;

But Jesus bears them on His heart before the eternal
throne !

And kings, and heroes, yet shall come, to wish their lot
were bound

With those poor women slumbering beneath the wave-
girt ground !

The earth keeps many a memory of blood as water
poured ;

The peasant summoned at his toil, to own and meet his
Lord ;

The secret hungering in the hills, where none but God
might see—

Ay ! Earth had many martyrs, but these were of the
sea !

“The redcoats, lass! the redcoats!” cry the weans from
off the street,

Who knows but Claver’s e’ evil eye, may blast them if
they meet ?

Nay ! only Bruce and Windman come ! but, oh ! wae
worth the way ;

They have gotten Gilbert Wilson’s bairns in their cruel
hands to-day !

See Annie ! bonnie Annie ! oh, but she is wasted sore
With weary wandering in the hills this seven month
and more ;

And Margaret, with her bleeding feet and weather-
stained brow—

But surely One alone could breathe the calm upon it
now !

—She recks not of the jibing words those ruthless
soldiers speak ;

She recks not of her bleeding feet, her frame so worn
and weak ;

She sees not even the pitying looks that follow as she
goes ;

Her soul is filled so full with prayer that God alone she
knows !

Long hath she looked for such a day with awe and
shuddering dread ;

Its terror in the night hath fallen, haunting her cavern
bed ;

And she hath prayed in agony that, if he might not
spare,

Jesus would bear her charges then—and He hath heard
her prayer !

They have brought her to their judgment-hall, a narrow
prison-room ;

And once she looked up, as they crossed, from sunlight
into gloom ;

And a sound of bitter weeping close beside her now she
hears,

And she wished her hands unshackled, just to dry her
mother's tears !

They have questioned of her wanderings ; they have
mocked her with their words ;

They have asked her if the Covenant could shield her
from their swords,

Or if she sought a miracle to test her call the more,
That she ventured to her father's home—right past the
curate's door !

They questioned her with cruel taunts, and waited for
reply.

She met her father's look of woe, her mother's stream-
ing eye,

A moment quivered all her frame, strange gaspings
choked her breath,

Then fell the words forth, one by one, as from the lips
of death :

“The blink of our own ingle, it came glancing o'er the
tide,

And we were wet and weary both upon the mountain
side.

My very heart grew sick within my father's face to see,
And Annie yearned to rest her head upon my mother's
knee !

“O men ! but they are bitter tears ye cause the house-
less weep,

With haunting thoughts of food and fire that will not
let them sleep ;

And temptings of home words and ways, even whisper-
ing as they pray,

Until Another takes the load, once tempted even as
they !”

There was a murmur through the crowd—first hope,
and then despair,

For in the scoffing laugh of Bruce was that that could
not spare :

"O lass ! ye should have ta'en the bay e'er there was
light to see !"

She answered to that pitying voice—"I dared na for
the sea !"

Alas ! it is a little stroke draws from the flint the fire,
And but a little spark may light the martyr's funeral
pyre ;

And in the hearts of evil men such mischiefs smoulder-
ing herd,

That cruel thought, to cruel deed, may kindle as a word !

"Ho ! Ho ! the sea ! the raging sea ! and can it tame
your pride ?

My sooth ! we'll frame a Covenant with the advancing
tide.

To-morrow, when the dawn is chill, in Blednoch Bay
we'll see

What mild persuasion harbours in the cold kiss of the
sea !"

A man is stricken to the earth by that strange voice of
doom ;

The mother pleads not—knows not—all is blackness in
the room ;

As if smit with sudden blindness she goes groping from
the door,

And they hinder her to follow who shall see her face no
more !

But the father ! O the father ! 'twas a timid man and
weak,
Complying still with every time, he had his faith to seek ;
And now, within his heart and brain, a dreadful sound
he hears,
A sound of rushing waters—but they find no vent in
in tears !

God help him ! He hath need of prayer, and knows not
how to pray ;
He gasps out vain appeals to men, who scoff and turn
away ;
Madly he grovels in the dust, in desperate anguish now,
Until he feels his Margaret's kiss, like dew upon his
brow :
“ God help thee, father ! O this sight is pitiful to see !
Canst thou not give thy child for Him, who gave his
Son for thee ?
Trust me, dear father, He is near His promises to fulfil,
In passing through the waters He will be beside us still ! ”

—It is the solemn evening hour, the seal of that sad day,
And the rich purple of the hills is blending all to gray ;
And from the cloud thrones of the west the last bright
gleam hath fled,
And the moon riseth, white and wan, as a watcher o'er
the dead !

—Sits Gilbert Wilson by his hearth, one child beside
his knee ;
O cheaply ransomed with his all ! a ruined man is he ;
For his poor life, and those poor hoards, the Cross he
dared to shun,
All proffered now for his *two* bairns, and they have
bought him *one* !

He sits beside his blackened hearth, unconscious of its
gloom ;
A chill hath gathered at his heart that mocks at that
cold room.
There is no food upon the board, no kindled rush to
guide
The gudewife at her nightly task of spinning by his side ;
And saving that at times his hand, as if to prove her
there,
Strays in the darkness, trembling, amid his Annie's hair,
And saving that the mother's moan at times will make
him start,
Ye might have deemed the mighty grief had burst the
feeble heart !

O ! prison bars are stark and strong to shut out light
and air,
And yet the moonlight's sympathy—it stealeth even
there,

A glory on the dungeon floor as on the free green sod,
A voiceless messenger of peace to souls at peace with
God !

And Margaret sitteth in its beam, its radiance on her
brow,

As though the crown she soon shall wear was brighten-
ing o'er her now ;

With folded hands upon her knee, and half-suspended
breath,

Listening to one who shares her cell and soon must
share her death !

A solemn place, a solemn time for parted friends to
meet,

Yet in their same extremity their communing is sweet ;
And while in prayer and praise fleet by the watches of
the night,

Faith, like the moonbeam, enters in and floods the
grave with light !

Oh ! youth and age, contrasted well, in mutual help ye
blend,

This tells of the unchanging God—*that* of the Saviour
friend ;

One tramples life's new springing flowers for her Re-
deemer's sake,

The other stays her age on Him who never can forsake !

Long had they loved, as Christians love—those two so soon to die,

And each the other greeted first, with weeping, silently.

The matron wept that that young life so timelessly must cease,

The maiden that that honoured head must not go down in peace ;

But soon, oh, soon, it passed away, the coward thought and base,

And each looked humbly, thankfully, into the other's face :

“Mother ! He rules the awful sea with all its waters wild ”—

“The many waters are His voice of love to thee, my child !”

—The guards are met ; the stakes are set—deep, deep within the sand ;

One far toward the advancing tide, one nearer to the land ;

And all along the narrow shore that girdles in the bay, Small groups of anxious watchers come, as wane the stars away !

Low lie the fog clouds on the hills, blank in their curtained screen ;

Each crest of beauty veils its brow from that abhorred scene ;

While eastward far, the straining eye, through mist and
gloom, may see
Large raindrops plashing heavily into a dull, sad sea !

—They come—they come—a distant sound !—a mea-
sured marching, soon
On mail-clad men the dew drops rain from off thy
woods, Baldoon !
The trodden grass, the trampled flowers—alas ! poor
emblems they,
Of all a despot's iron heel was crushing down that day.
They shall revive ! the harebell, see—uprears its crest
again ;
The falling dew hath cleansed anew its purity from
stain ;
And thus beneath the oppressor's tread, and hell's
opposing powers,
God's truth throughout the land shall spring—a sudden
growth of flowers !

Ah ! little Margaret's playmates deemed, in childhood's
frolic glee,
What shadow of a coming hour still scared her at the
sea ;
The work is done ! the strife is won ! the conflict
passed away ;

Rule o'er these wrecks of human kind ! and triumph if
ye may !

High hearts once beat beneath the vest a Scottish
peasant wears.

Go ! seek them in their martyr graves ! for these are
not their heirs !

Only a seed the mountains keep, till God's good time
shall come,

And the harvest, sown in blood and tears, be brought
with shoutings home !

A sound—it cometh from the sea ! and many a cheek is
pale ;

A freshening wind—and fast behind, that hurrying
voice of wail :

“Beshrew my heart !” cries Windram now ; “haste,
comrades, while ye may !

With Solway speed, I red your heed, the tide comes in
to-day.

Now, mother, to the stake amain ! your praying time
is past ;

Or pray the breakers, if ye will, they race not in so
fast !”

Her grey hairs streaming on the wind, they bear her to
the bay,

While nearer roars the hungry sea that ravens for its
prey !

And Margaret stands, with cold clasped hands, that
bitter sight to see ;
And now toward her own death-place they guide her
silently ;
A sudden impulse swayed the crowd, as those young
limbs were bound ;
A moment's movement stilled as soon ; a shiver through
a wound !
And they have left her all alone with that strong sea
before,
A prayer of faith's extremity faint mingling with its
roar ;
And on the eyes that cannot close, those grey hairs
streaming still ;
While round about, with hideous rout, the wild waves
work their will !

“Ho ! maiden ! ho ! what see'st thou there ?” ’Tis
Windram's brutal voice :
“Methinks an early portion now were scarce beneath
thy choice !
Yon sea-birds, screaming in their glee, how low they
swoop to-day !
Now tell us, lass ! what dainty cheer allures them in
the bay ?”
A change hath passed on that young brow—a glow, a
light from heaven ;

Above the sea, the lowering sky to her seems glory
riven :

“It is my Saviour wrestling there in those poor limbs
I see ;

He who is strength in death to her hath strength in
death for me !”

And sudden, from those parted lips, rich tones of
triumph come.

Her fear is past ; she stands, at last, superior to her
doom !

And strains, in midnight watchings learned, on many a
blasted heath,

Swell slowly, solemnly, to heaven—the anthem of her
death ;

Strange sweetness vibrates on the gale. It rises o’er
the sea

As though an angel choir prolonged that thrilling har-
mony !

And still the song of faith and praise swells louder,
clearer yet,

While to her feet the foam wreaths curl, and the dry
sand grows wet !

—A yell ! it echoes from the hills ! it pealeth to the
sky !

Startling wild creatures of the woods with its wild
agony ;

And bounding on from rock to rock, with gaunt arms
tossed to heaven,
And maniac gestures, scaring still the crowd before him
driven,
A haggard man hath gained the bay, with blood-shot
eyes and wild ;
And cast him down at Windram's feet, and shrieked,
"My child ! my child !"
Poor Margaret heard, as died her song, in one convul-
sive gasp,
And the rushing waters bound her in the terror of their
clasp ?

"My child ! my child ! she shall not die—I've gold,
I've gold," he cried ;
"I found one heart that pitied me, though all were
stone beside.
Ye said that for a hundred pounds, the oaths ye'd
proffer still—
Spare the young life ! she'll take your tests ! I know,
I know she will !"
Dark Windram glanced upon the gold ; he glanced
upon the sea :
"Laggard, thou comest late," he said ; "she might have
lived for me !"

But two strong swimmers at the word plunge headlong
in the wave ;

They reach the stake—the cords they break—not, not
too late to save !

And women throng to chafe her hands and raise her
drooping head,

Dropping warm tears on the cold brow, so calm, so like
the dead,

While that poor father, crouching near, creeps shudder-
ing to her feet,

And steals his hand up to her heart to count its earliest
beat !

Just then, athwart two glooming clouds the morning
sun made way,

Lighting a glory on the wave, a sunbow in the spray ;

And up the hills the mist wreaths rolled, revealing half
their frame,

And Margaret in the gleam awoke and breathed her
Saviour's name !

Dark Windram turned him on his heel ; he paced apart
awhile :

“ Oh for the heart of Claver'se now—to do this work
and smile !

Come, girl, be ruled ! thou'st proved enough, methinks,
yon bitter brine ;

We'll find the partans fitter food than these young
limbs of thine !

Hold off, and let me near to her ! beshrew this
snivelling ring.

Ho, lass ! stand up upon thy feet, and pray, ' God save
the king ! ' ”

“ To die unsaved were horrible,” she said, with low sad
voice ;

“ Oh yes ! God save him if he will ! the angels would
rejoice ! ”

Then up he sprang, that trembling man, low cowering
at her feet :

“ 'Tis said—'tis said—my blessed bairn ! those words of
life repeat ! ”

And Windram signalled with his hand, and rose a shout
on high ;

Strange blessings on the tyrant's head !—but ere it
reached the sky,

A miscreant foul hath stopped its course, and baulked
the echoes near ;

They could not catch a sound that died like curses on
the ear !

A spare, mean man, with shuffling gait, hath pressed
before the rest :

“ 'Tis well to pray ' God save the King ; ' but will she
take the Test ? ”

And Windram looked into his face and cursed his civil
sneer,

He knew him for the tool of Grahame—his spy, and
creature there ;

A curate's brother creeping up, in those ill times, to
place ;

Trained in apostasy from God to all things vile and
base !

" Well ! well ! Sir Provost, work your will ; this gear
is to your mind.

For me, I'd rather fight with men, than choke this
woman kind ;

Bid her abjure the Covenant—none better knows the
how !

There's scarce an oath on either side but you have
gulped ere now ! "

Smooth smiling stood the provost forth ; no chaffing
stirred his blood,

Something he muttered of " King James," " the law,"
and " public good ; "

And then, as angry brows grew dark, and women
muttered loud,

He shrank towards the soldiery, as though he feared
the crowd !

" Dear Margaret, baulk this bloodhound yet ! O spare
thy father's woe ! "

She started from their clasping arms—"I may not!—
let me go!

I am the child of Christ," she said; "Lord! break this
snare for me!"

And Windram turned his face aside, and pointed to the
sea!

—They will not cease, they will not sleep—those voices
of the wave,

For ever, ever whispering, above the martyr's grave;
'Tis heard at night, 'tis heard at noon—the same low
wailing song,

In murmur loud, in cadence low—"How long, O Lord,
how long!"

A cry against thee from the tide! O tyrant, banned of
Heaven!

It meets the blood-voice of the earth, and answer shall
be given!

A little while—the cup fills fast, it overflows for thee,
And thine extremity shall prove the vengeance of the
sea!

Ay! gnash thy teeth in impotence! the fated hour is
come,

And ocean, with her strength of waves, bears the
avenger home;

See! eager thousands throng the shore to hail the
advancing fleet,
While baffled Dartmouth vainly strives the heaven-sent
foe to meet ;
And post on hurrying post crowds fast, with tidings of
dismay
How the glassed waters lull to aid the landing of
Torbay.
Away! prepare thy coward flight ; thy sceptre scourge
cast down,
The sea pursues thee with its curse, thou king without
a crown !

CAMERON'S GRAVE IN AIRSMOSS.

ROBERT REID.

LIKE a sweet incense rising to the Lord
From this lone altar in the muirlands gray,
The hallow'd memories of a bygone day
Hang over Airmoss : here the tyrant's sword
Made brave men martyrs, and their graves a shrine ;
And here the lips of those who that day bled
(Staining the heather to a deeper red)
Bore testimony to their faith divine.
Revere them, Scotland ! Cherish, and revere !
Base is that son of thine who shuts his eyes
To the pure merit of that sacrifice ;
Ill he deserves the freedom purchased here—
For to this spot our country's glance should turn
As proudly as to glorious Bannockburn !

“BOTHWELL BRIG.”

On hearing an impressive sermon delivered (Sabbath, June 10th, 1866) on the place where the Battle of Bothwell Bridge was fought, commemorative of that event.

JANET HAMILTON.

O, BONNY Clyde ! a shimmering gleam
 Oot owre thy rippling bosom plays,
 When frae the bricht blue sky o' June
 The sun leuks down on simmer days.

But ne'er did glancin' sunbeams glint,
 An' owre thy dancin' waters play
 Mair bricht, than whan to “Bothwell Brig”
 We teuk the road ae Sabbath day.

An' ne'er owre “Bothwell banks sae fair,”
 Sae aft by Scottish minstrels sung,
 Were wafted higher, holier strains,
 Till bank an' brae wi' echoes rung.

Auld Scotland's stout an' stalwart sons,
 An' bonnie lasses gather'd there,

An' mithers douce, wi' restless bairns,
Auld men an' wives wi' siller hair.

An' een grew dim, and hearts were fu',
As owre the vera grun' they trod,
Whaur their forbears, for conscience sake,
Had pour'd their life-bluid on the sod.

My granny's gutcher bare a sword
At Bothwell Brig that dolefu' day,
An' ne'er had left the bluidy fiel'
But for his guid an' gallant grey.

She swam wi' him across the Clyde,
An' bare him to his ain door stane.
Lang after that he hidin' lay
Till he was hunted oot an' ta'en.

For Christ, His croun an' covenant, he
Laid doon his life in Embro' toon,
An' frae the scaffold rose to wear
The victor's palm, the martyr's croon.

Noo, God be prais'd, sic times are gane ;
Let Scots be Scots—they'll ne'er return ;
Nor king nor priest again ha'e power,
Gude men, an' true, to hang an' burn.

An' noo, frae a' the airts that blaw,
By thoosan's folk cam' thrangin' in,
An' roun' an' roun' they sat them down,
Until the holy wark begin.

They raised the Psalm, it swell'd, it thrill'd,
It mounted to the gates o' heaven,
An' ne'er mair sweet, mair solemn joy,
By singin' o' the Psalms was given.

Wi' pleadin' voice, an' words o' power,
The preacher poured his soul in prayer—
Prayed that the martyrs' covenant God
Wad bless them wi' His presence there.

An' O ! what witnesses unseen
May us that day ha'e compass'd round,
Wha loved their lives not to the death,
An' noo wi' Christ in glory crown'd.

An' bless'd be God, we noo can sit
Beneath oor vine and fig tree shade—
May raise the Psalm, an' preach an' pray,
Nane daurin' to mak' us afraid.

Wha, noo, frae aff his ain hearth-stane,
Will drag the husband an' the faither,

Syne leave him to his wife an' bairns,
A bluidy corpse upon the heather ?

Nae dark Dalzell, nae Claver'se stern,
Ride forth wi' sword an' bridle ringin',
Oor sufferin' covenanted sires
To prison an' the scaffold bringin'.

The memories o' her martyred dead
May Scotland dearly cherish ever ;
They sowed the seed, we reap the grain—
Their names, their deeds, shall perish never.

THE PENTLAND HILLS.

BARONESS NAIRNE.

THE pilgrims feet here oft will tread
 O'er this sequest' red scene,
 To mark whare Scotland's martyrs lie
 In lonely Rullion Green,—
 To muse o'er those who fought an' fell—
 All Presbyterians true—
 Who held the League and Covenant,
 Who waved the banner blue !

Like partridge to the mountain driven,
 Oh ! lang and sairly tried !
 Their cause they deemed the cause o' Heaven,
 For that they liv'd and died !
 Together here they met and prayed—
 Ah ! ne'er to meet again ;
 Their windin' sheet the bluidy plaid,
 Their grave lone Rullion Green.

Ah ! here they sang the holy strain,
 Sweet Martyrs' melodie ;
 When every heart and every voice
 Arose in harmonie.

The list'ning echoes all around
Gave back their soft reply,
While angels heard the hallow'd sound,
And bore it to the sky.

Oh ! faithless King ! hast thou forgot
Who gave to thee thy croun ?
Hast thou forgot thy solemn oath,
At Holyrood and Scone ?
Oh ! fierce Dalzell ! thy ruthless rage
Wrought langsome misery ;
What Scottish heart could ever gi'e
A benison to thee !

Oh ! Claverhouse ! fell Claverhouse !
Thou brave, but cruel Grahame !
Dark deeds like thine will last for aye,
Linked wi' thy blighted name.
Oh, Pentland hills, sae fair and green !
When in the sunrise gleaming,
Or in the pensive gloamin' hour,
Aneath the moonbeams streaming !

I love to wander there my lane,
Wi' sad and sacred feeling ;
While hallowed mem'ries wake the tear,
In waefu' eye saft stealing.

I love thy wild sequestred glen,
Thy bonny wimplin' burn ;
For Scotland's brave and martyr'd men,
Still does it seem to mourn.

A DREAM OF THE TIMES OF THE
COVENANT.

WALTER CHISHOLM.

IN still early morning, while yet I reclined,
In the sleep so refreshing that labour bestows,
The shadows of Dream-Land stole over my mind,
And brought me the visions which now I disclose.

'Twas a dream of the days which have now long gone
by,
When the dark mountain cave was the Pastor's
abode ;
When the death-smoke of martyrs oft darkened the
sky,
And men met in secret to worship their God.

Methought that I lay in a wild lonely glen,
Which Nature of old had marked out for her own ;
The sweet violet peeped round the sly fox's den,
And perfume on each balmy zephyr was blown.

The bright morning sunbeams bathed valley and brae,
The lark seemed a speck on the breast of the cloud ;
And the merle from his perch, on the white thorny
 spray,
Was warbling a ditty, rich, mellow, and loud.

The burn from its source on the wide moorland fell,
Where plover and grouse 'mong the heather-bells
 hide,
Came murmuring onward with ripple and swell,
And kissed the fair flowerets, that bent o'er its tide.

And there, on the green sloping hillside, a band
Of true Covenanters, sat full in my view ;
Above them, the rocks towered, majestic and grand,
And o'er them was stretched a bright curtain of blue.

Strong men, maidens, mothers and children were there,
All raising their voices in one solemn psalm ;
While Heaven-ward was wafted the soul-stirring air—
How chastened the pleasure ! how holy the calm !

The Minister then from the shelf of the rock
Preached life everlasting, the free gift of Heaven !
All listening enrapt, while of Jesus he spoke,
Whose life-blood so freely for sinners was given :

And "Fear not, my poor suffering brethren," he said,
"Though fell Persecution our frames may destroy,
The soul that on Christ, the Redeemer, is stayed,
Shall soar from the dust to a kingdom of joy."

Thus passed the bright Sabbath, till borne on the
breeze

A murmur came floating of soft soothing power ;
It was the low hum of the homeward bound bees,
Rich-laden with spoils from each sweet nectared
flower.

Once more the loud praises were wafted on high ;
And in name of Jehovah a blessing was spoke—
Then from my fond gaze the fair vision did fly,
And awaking I found that the dawning had broke.

Yes, dawning had broke, and the monarch of morn
Was chasing the shades with the light of his shield ;
And thus, too, the dawn of the Gospel shall burn
Till darkness and error are swept from the field.

BROWN OF PRIESTHILL.

1st May, 1685.

HENRY INGLIS OF TORSOCE.

I.

"TIE up the cur to the rowan tree,
 And let six of the men dismount :
 Ye may leave his tongue and his weasand free
 To tell the truth an he will, to me :
 Now carrier of Calvary
 Prepare for thy last account ;
 For never on earth shalt thou bear again
 Rebel warnings to rebel men,
 If thou showest not where, and how, and when,
 In moss or muir, by crag or fen,
 Thou hast hidden the canting hound ?"

II.

Thus spoke John Grahame of Claverhouse,
 And his eye glared coldly round :
 It rested on a pale sweet face
 Pale with affright in the early morn,
 At clash of sabre and clang of horn,

A mother clasping in close embrace
The child she had lately borne—
A wife whom murderers arouse
To leave her all forlorn :
Damp and dishevelled her flaxen hair,
Wild and tearful her bright blue eye ;
Neck and panting bosom bare,
Lips parted in a dumb despair,
And the sole symbol of earthly care,
The plaided child in her arms she bare
Slumbering without a cry.

III.

“ Isabel, my wife, draw near
And give me thy hand once more ;
The hour and instrument are here
I told thee of before,
When first upon the holms of Ayr
I asked thee, dearest wife, to share
The burdens of my earthly care ;
I told thee of the impious laws,
I told thee all without disguise ;
And now I bid thee in this cause
To offer up thy sacrifice.”
The trembling woman bowed her head :
“ God’s Will on earth be done,” she said ;
“ Go where thy duty lies.”

IV.

“Then have I nought ado but die.”
Claverhouse lifted his finger high,
And signalled his men to slay ;
Men of bloodshed, rapine, and sin,
Guiltless of mercy, and guiltless of kin ;
But something melted the steel within,
And for once they forgot to obey.
But the heart of adamant was there,
And the hand that knew not how to spare ;
Coldly clicked the pistol lock,
Sharply rung the pistol shock—
And a corpse the martyr lay.

V.

Then Claverhouse mounted and rode away
On that dreary morn of merry May ;
The dawn had more of the night than the day ;
Chill mists upon the valleys lay,
The plover slumbered by the fen,
The curlew on the hill,
The otter signalled sharp and shrill
He had not sought his den ;
And the eagle rested in the cloud
That wrapped Cairntable in its shroud.

VI.

Widow and child alone with the dead

In the solitary glen :

Last night she pillowed a husband's head

On the bosom where their first born fed ;

The kiss, and the latest words he said,

She striveth to find again.

Last night she was surely compassed round

With courage, and love, and faith ;

Her womanhood then by manhood crowned ;

For the frail bark safe anchorage found ;

Now—the storm-beaten wreck is aground

Upon the shores of Death !

VII.

Shall the demon of despair prevail ?

Will the God of the righteous chide

The faltering woman till she fail

And faint in the surging tide ?

No ;—the angel of mercy is there to guide,

And to spurn the spirit of evil aside.

Tenderly, as on her marriage-bed,

The child on the moss she laid ;

And she stretched the cold limbs of the dead

And drew the eyelids' shade ;

And bound the corpse's shattered head,

And shrouded the martyr in his plaid :

And where the dead and the living slept,

Sate in the wilderness and wept.

COVINGTON MILL.*

REV. JAMES PROUDFOOT.

LIVES there a man who all unmoved can tread
Above the dust of the immortal dead ?
Who this historic land can travel round,
Nor find one spot of consecrated ground.
Oh ! let not such a heartless piece of stone
Set foot upon the soil of Covington ;
For there, at northern base of Tinto Hill,
Was dragged to death the godly, good Cargill.

Still stands the house wherein the man of God,
That fatal day, had found his last abode ;
All lonesome now these sad and silent walls,
And yet their sight such memories recalls ;
That house from me more reverence demands
Than proudest palace built by human hands !

My native land, this praise to thee is due,
Thy chosen heroes never have been few.

* Donald Cargill was apprehended at Covington Mill by Irving off Bonshaw, and was executed at Edinburgh.

I speak not of her kings who, as a race,
Have done the royal sceptre no disgrace ;
Nor of our nobles, who may proudly stand
Comparison with chivalry of any land ;
I speak of men employed in daily toil,
Artificers, and tenants of the soil.

Men of the Covenant, all good and true,
When friends to Christ were faithless, faint, and few,
Who, viewed as metals, were the genuine gold,
Old Roman valour cast in Christian mould ;
Loving their Lord as the apostles loved,
And, like the twelve, in front of death unmoved.

Some call them traitors ; 'tis with scorn denied—
To their oppressors be the term applied ;
True to their God, nor to their king untrue,
Their hearts were breaking while their swords they drew.
Some call them rebels ; we the slander fling
Back on their profligate and perjured king,
Who, had he but one spark of honour shown,
Had found in them the pillars of his throne !

Ye noble souls ! Yours was the rising tide
The winds might ruffle but not turn aside ;
Defeated oft, ye saw the battle plain
Drenched with your blood, and cumbered with the slain ;

Their severed heads to gibbet-irons consigned,
To bleach and wither in the tainted wind.
Ye saw the weak down-trodden by the strong,
And heard the cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?
Till for a time it seemed the Righteous One
Had ceased to reign, or slumbered on His throne.

Beneath this baptism of fire and blood,
Erect and unsubdued the martyrs stood,
With front defiant to the spoilers turned
God-wards—content to be the bush that burned.
Ah! may the mighty God raise up such men,
Should He in judgment send such times again!

ANDREW GALLANE'S STANE.

*A Legend of the Covenanters connected with the slaughter of
James, Archbishop Sharpe.*

"I came not to send peace, but a sword."

THOMAS C. LATTO.

ON Magus Muir, near grey St. Rule,
Well graith'd with belted brand,
Rude firelocks in their bolsters set,
Linger'd a mounted band.

Foumart or brock they search'd na out,
But vermin deathlier still
Than squirmers o' the whuttret brand,
That callants run to kill.

Bleak was the morn an' cloudy,
Their faces pinched with cold,
Gazing with disappointed glance
Across the dreary wold.

For something they had waited
Impatiently since dawn,

Now 'twas surmised untoward chance
Their quarry had withdrawn.

That quarry was Carmichael,
A beagle of the law,
The Primate's hireling satellite
Tithes from the stooks to draw.

Fines and recoveries, besides,
Taxes that freemen fast
At Lauderdale's outrageous pest
Made dukes their teeth to gnash.

On Hackstoun of Rathillet
His hand had heavy borne,
To pay auld scores they watched for him
That memorable morn.

But wary was Carmichael,
Warn'd what before him lay ;
Backing his horse, he to his house
Return'd another way.

"Come!" said Balfour of Burley,
Whose skellied een could glower
At once up to Drumcarrow Craig
And to St. Rule's square tower—

"Come !" cried Balfour of Burley,
 "Rathillet ! bide your time ;
The foutar, sly, has slipp'd the girn,
 Auld birds are ill to lime."

Ran up a boy. "Our mistress bade
 Me no to spare shoe-leather ;
The coach that the Archbishop hauds
 Is whirlin' thro' the heather."

The gudewife o' Baldinny's lugs
 Were gleg as ony mawkin',
Weel she jalous'd this change o' game
 Their sport wad no be baukin'.

"Gude ! gude !" quo' Burley ; "grace ye see
 Is grantit to the godly ;
What luck to get untill oor creel
 A sowmon for a fodley !"

"I fear me," answer'd Hackstoun,
 "He swither'd on his ride,
And like the sly fox that he is,
 Slipp'd by the nor'ard side."

"Guard Brig, we'll tak' him safely,
 Whaur nanè a clour can gi'e,

Allowin' him to won "the scores"
An' jow "Kate Kennedy." *

"Tis said that in his pouch are stow'd
Warrants some necks to wring;
Sign'd, seal'd, deliver'd by the hand
Of our most gracious King:

"Far waur than ten Carmichaels,
Tax-reavin', tramplin' tool
Oor Jamie, in the Jesuits' claws
Mass-greedy senseless fool."

"Whisht," cried John Balfour with a grin,
"The apostate's surely nail'd;
Deceiv'd in this I cannot be,
My scout has never fail'd.

"Sharpe's bound to cross the Magus Muir
This day 'tween dawn an' dusk,
Sure as Gillespie Grumock louns
At sough o' Monymusk."

That moment echoed o'er the muir
Faint rumble as of wheels;

* The Bell of St. Salvador College, still extant.

Each nervy hand unconsciously
To hilt of sabre steals.

Priming is look'd to in hot haste ;
They instantly dismount
And without clock or horologe
Seconds begin to count.

There was a callan' close at hand
Herding some scrunty sheep ;
To him the bridles they entrust,
Charging him watch to keep—

An innocent and harmless boy,
In him no tantrums found,
To whom "The Solemn League" itself
Was but a tinkling sound.

He saw a carriage, grand, approach ;
The horses, prompt, they seize—
The door is forced—a grey-hair'd man—
His daughter on her knees.

"Spare him ! oh, spare him ! he is old ;
His failing years are few ;
Ye would not surely take his life !"
But mercy,—none they knew.

They struck him down e'en as she pray'd
For pity in that hour ;
Papers they rifled from his breast ;
It was *their* day of power.

Dangerous, incriminating roll—
Their own names with a host
Of others doomed to hang and burn,
Made each pale as a ghost,

Till scarlet indignation flamed ;
Hatred as fierce as hell
Blaz'd up, nigh smoking from the eyes,
But roused no savage yell.

Then leapt inhuman purpose up
As round the jackmen trooped
From the crushed, battered "dome of thought"
The brains—still warm—were scooped.

They stood acquitted to themselves,
Despite his hoary hairs ;
His own act scattered every doubt ;
'Twas his life-blood or theirs.

Amid the daughter's sobs and wails
Each grasped his bridle-rein ;

Off! fleetest steed that e'er was foaled
To catch might strive in vain.

And yet, James Sharpe! oh! would that thou
Might'st have been safely spared;
For terrible indeed thy fate,
But still that fate thou dared.

An old man's blood, however wrong
Ambition might control,
I should be loth to have it lie
A nightmare on my soul.

The poor herd, trembling, took to flight,
His terror adding wings,
And, frantic, down 'mong frightened yowes
Prostrate his body flings.

The lackeys, dazed and horrified
Locking the door, were fain
To gallop onward to the goal
Their master failed to gain.

Ere noon went forth the hue and cry:
Burley got clear away
To fall in an ignoble strife—
Not battle—an affray.

But Hackstoun of Rathillet met
The doom his mate ignored,
Making acquaintance barbarous
With the dark deemster's sword.

We mourn for poor Rathillet,
His torture feeling wrings ;
No wish of his to slay his foe—
Man, worthy better things.

Years passed—herd Andrew, now a man,
Has taken him a wife ;
And tho' at times he tremors felt,
Lived on his canny life.

But either he had talked too much,
Or, thro' the menials' zeal,
The little role, enforced, he played
Disturbed the commonweal.

Before the stern *Thirteen* arraigned,
One victim more to be,
Douce Andrew yielded up his breath
Upon the gallows tree.

In a small clump, triangular,
Of scrubby beeches, brown,

The martyr-seed of that poor boy
Was mercilessly sown.

'Tis still a memorable spot,
Resort of pilgrims fain,
To pay the tribute of a sigh
O'er ANDREW GULLANE'S STANE.

.

Alas ! that Christ's religion
Breeds such envenomed wrath,
Prompting to sweep pure saintly ones
From furious bigot's path.

Thank Heaven to-day on Magus Muir,
As thro' all Scotland broad,
The right we won we grandly keep—
FREEDOM TO WORSHIP GOD !

SCOTLAND.

DAVID LINDSAY.

YES ! I still love thy bonnie, fragrant braes,
Dear Scotia, that great Knox and Cameron trod ;
Thy turf's been sanctified by saints of God.
What grander theme for patriotic lays
Than on the eternal rocks to 'grave the praise
Of those who bled 'neath persecution's hand—
Slain, tortured, or exiled from native land,
When fatal 'twas a psalm divine to raise ?
But happy change ! Days gone for evermore !
And we can worship offer as we please
'Neath Britain's flag, that waves in every breeze,
E'en to the verge of earth's remotest shore.
Then let all honour to the memory be
Of peerless Worth that won our liberty.

COVENANTERS' HYMN.

DAVID VEDDER.

LET us lift up our voices aloud to Him
Who dwelleth between the Cherubim ;
In the star-paved mansion above yon sky,
The centre of immensity !

Shepherd of Israel, shed one ray
On us, Thy suffering flock to-day.

In Ephraim's and Manasseh's sight,
Stir Thine all-powerful strength and might ;
Break the oppressor's bow and sword,
And save Thine helpless heritage, Lord !

Shepherd of Israel, shed one ray
On us, Thy suffering flock to-day.

Let Thy mighty arm be round us still,
And mould our souls to Thy holy will ;
And bring us at last to the wealthy place,
Illumined with the light of Thy glorious face ;
Th' imputed robe—the wreath—the palm—
The song of Moses and the Lamb.

MARTYR-LAND.*

THOMAS PRINGLE.

'Tis a heart-stirring sight to view
 Far to the westward, stretching blue,
 That frontier ridge, which erst defied
 The invader's march, the oppressor's pride ;
 The bloody field, for many an age
 Of rival nations' wasteful rage ;

* In Alexander Whitelaw's *Book of Scottish Song* this poem is entitled "The Covenanters' Tomb," and assigned to the Ettrick Shepherd. Mr. Whitelaw had doubtless taken his copy of the above from the second poem in "The Poetic Mirror," published in 1815. In his autobiography however, the Shepherd tells us that "the second poem in the volume ('The Poetic Mirror'), namely, the epistle to R—— S——, the most beautiful and ingenious piece in the work, *is not mine*. IT WAS WRITTEN BY MR. THOMAS PRINGLE." Thomas Pringle afterwards published in 1819 the whole poem under the title of "The Autumnal Excursion." The "R—— S——" in question was not the then Poet Laureate, Robert Southey, as *The Quarterly Review* "supposed" at the time, but Robert Story, of Yetholm, afterwards minister of Rosneath, father of Professor Story, ex-moderator of "The Kirk of Scotland." The lines from "Yes ! though sceptic's tongue deride," to the end, are appropriately engraved on the monument o'er the martyrs' tomb in Greyfriar's Kirk-yard, but "someone hath blundered" as the name of Grahame is given as their author.

In later times a refuge given
To outlaws in the cause of heaven
Far inland, where the mountain crest
O'erlooks the water of the west,
And 'midst the moorland wilderness
Dark moss-cleughs form a drear recess,
Curtain'd with ceaseless mists which feed
The sources of the Clyde and Tweed ;
There, injured Scotland's patriot band
For Faith and Freedom made their stand ;
When traitor Kings, who basely sold
Their country's fame for Gaelic gold,—
Too abject o'er the free to reign,—
Warn'd by a Father's fate in vain,—
In bigot fury trampled down
The race to whom they owed their crown.—
There, worthy of his masters, came
The despot's champion, bloody Grahame,
To stain for aye a warrior's sword,
And lead a fierce though fawning horde,
The human bloodhounds of the earth,
To hunt the peasant from his hearth !
Tyrants ! could not misfortune teach
That man has rights beyond your reach ?
Thought ye the torture and the stake
Could that intrepid spirit break,
Which even in woman's breast withstood
The terrors of the fire and flood ?

Yes ! though the sceptic's tongue deride
Those martyrs who for conscience died,
Though modish history blight their fame,
And sneering courtiers hoot the name
Of men who dared alone be free
Amidst a nation's slavery ;
Yet long for them the poet's lyre
Shall breathe its notes of heavenly fire ;
Their names shall nerve the patriot's hand
Upraised to save a sinking land,
And piety shall learn to burn
With holier transport o'er their urn !

A LAY OF THE MARTYRS.

JAMES HOGG (*the Ettrick Shepherd*).

“OH where have you been, bonnie Marley Reid ?
 For mony a long night and day
 I have missed ye sair, at the Wanlock-head,
 And the cave o’ the Lowther Brae.

“Our friends are waning fast away,
 Baith frae the cliff and the wood ;
 They are tearing them frae us ilka day ;
 For there’s naething will please but blood.

“And, O bonnie Marley, I maun now
 Gie your heart muckle pain,
 For your bridegroom is a-missing too,
 And ’tis feared that he is ta’en.

“We have sought the caves o’ the Enterkin,
 And the dens o’ the Ballybough,
 And a’ the howes o’ the Ganna Linn,
 And we wot not what to do.”

“Dispel your fears, good Marjory Laing,
And hope all for the best,
For the servants of God will find a place,
Their weary heads to rest.

“There are better places, that we ken o’,
And seemlier to be in,
Than all the dens of the Ballybough,
Or howes o’ the Ganna Linn.

“But sit thee down, good Marjory Laing,
And listen awhile to me,
For I have a tale to tell to you,
That will bring you to your knee.

“I went to seek my own dear James
In the cave of the Lowther Brae,
For I had some things that of a’ the world
He best deserved to hae.

“I had a kebbuck in my lap,
And a fadge o’ the flour sae sma’,
And a sark I had made for his buirdly back,
As white as the new-dri’en snaw.

“I sought him over hill and dale,
Shouting by cave and tree;

But only the dell with its eiry yell,
An answer returned to me.

“I sought him up, and I sought him down,
And echoes returned his name,
Till the glouffs o’ dread shot to my heart,
And dirled through a’ my frame.

“I sat me down by the Enterkin,
And saw, in a fearful line,
The red dragoons come up the path,
Wi’ prisoners eight or nine :

“And one of them was my dear, dear James,
The flower of a’ his kin ;
He was wounded behind, and wounded before,
And the blood ran frae his chin.

“He was bound upon a weary hack,
Lash’d both by hough and heel,
And his hands were bound behind his back,
Wi’ the thumbikins of steel.

“I kneeled before that Popish band,
In the fervour of inward strife,
And I raised to heaven my trembling hand,
And begged my husband’s life.

“ But all the troop laughed me to scorn,
 Making my grief their game ;
And the captain said some words to me,
 Which I cannot tell you for shame.

“ And then he cursed our Whiggish race
 With a proud and a scornful brow,
And bade me look at my husband’s face,
 And say how I liked him now.

“ Oh, I like him weel, thou proud captain,
 Though the blood runs to his knee,
And all the better for the greivous wrongs
 He has suffered this day frae thee.

“ But can you feel within your heart
 That comely youth to slay ?
For the hope you have in Heaven, captain,
 Let him gang wi’ me away !

“ Then the captain swore a fearfu’ oath,
 With loathsome jest and mock,
That he thought no more of a Whigamore’s life
 Than the life of a noisome brock.

“ Then my poor James to the captain called,
 And he begged baith hard and sair,

To have one kiss of his bonnie bride,
Ere we parted for evermair.

“ ‘I’ll do that for you,’ said the proud captain,
‘And save you the toil to-day,
And moreover, I’ll take her little store,
To support you by the way.’

“ ‘He took my bountith from my lap,
And I saw, with sorrow dumb,
That he parted it all among his men,
And gave not my love one crumb.

“ ‘Now, fare you well, my very bonnie bride,’
Cried the captain with disdain ;
‘When I come back to the banks of Nith,
I shall kiss you sweetly then.’

“ ‘Your heartiest thanks must sure be given,
For what I have done to-day ;
I am taking him straight on the road to heaven :
And short will be the way !’

“ ‘My love he gave me a parting look,
And blessed me ferventlye,
And the tears they mixed wi’ his purple blood,
And ran down to his knee.”

“What’s this I hear, bonnie Marley Reid ?
How could these woes betide ?
For blyther you could not look this day,
Were your husband by your side.

“One of two things alone is left,
And dreadful the one to me ;
For either your fair wits are reft,
Or else your husband’s free.”

“Allay your fears, good Marjory Laing,
And hear me out the rest ;
You little ken what a bride will do,
For the youth she likes the best !

“I hied me home to my father’s ha’,
And through a’ my friends I ran,
And I gathered me up a purse o’ gowd,
To redeem my young goodman :

“For I kenned the Popish lowns would weel
My fair intent approve ;
For they’ll do far mair for the good red gowd,
Than they’ll do for heaven above.

“And away I ran to Edinburgh town,
Of my shining treasure vain,

To buy my James from the prison strong,
Or there with him remain.

“ I sought through a’ the city jails,
I sought baith lang and sair ;
But the guardsmen turned me frae their doors,
And swore that he was not there.

“ I went away to the Popish duke,
Who was my love’s judge to be,
And I proffered him a’ my yellow store,
If he’d grant his life to me.

“ He counted the red gowd slowly o’er,
By twenties and by tens,
And he said I had taken the only means
To attain my hopeful ends.

“ ‘ And now,’ said he, ‘ your husband’s safe ;
You may take this pledge of me :
And I’ll tell you, fair one, where you’ll go,
To gain this certaintye,—

“ ‘ Gang west the street, and down the Bow,
And through the market place,
And there you will meet with a gentleman,
Of a tall and courteous grace ;

“ ‘ He is clad in a livery of the green,
With a plume aboon his bree,
And armed with a halbert, glittering sheen :
Your love he will let you see.’

“ O Marjory, never flew blythsome bird,
So light out through the sky,
As I flew up that stately street,
Weeping for very joy.

“ O never flew lamb out-o’er the lea,
When the sun gangs o’er the hill,
Wi’ lichtner, blyther steps than me,
Or skipped wi’ sic good will !

“ And aye I blessed the precious ore,
My husband’s life that wan ;
And I even blessed the Popish duke,
For a kind, good-hearted man.

“ The officer I soon found out,—
For he could not be mistook ;
But in all my life I never beheld
Sic a grim and a gruesome look.

“ I asked him for my dear, dear James,
With throbs of wild delight,

And begged him in his master's name,
To take me to his sight.

“He asked me for his true address,
With a voice at which I shook ;
For I saw that he was a Popish knave,
By the terror of his look.

“I named the name with a buoyant voice,
That trembled with ecstasie ;
But the savage brayed a hideous laugh,
Then turned and grinned at me.

“He pointed up to the city wall :
One look benumbed my soul :
For there I saw my husband's head,
Fixed high upon a pole !

“His yellow hair waved in the wind,
And far behind did flee,
And his right hand hung beside his cheek—
A waesome sight to see.

“His chin hung down on open space,
Yet comely was his brow,
And his eyne were open to the breeze—
There was nane to close them now !

“ ‘What think ye of your true love now ?’
The hideous porter said ;
‘Is not that a comely sight to see,
And sweet to a Whiggish maid !’

“ Oh, haud your tongue, ye Popish slave,
For I downa answer you :
He was dear, dear to my heart before,
But never sae dear as now !

“ ‘I see a sight you cannot see,
Which man cannot efface ;
I see a ray of heavenly love
Beaming on that dear face.

“ ‘And weel I ken yon bonnie brent brow,
Will smile in the walks on high,
And yon yellow hair, all blood-stained now,
Maun wave aboon the sky.’

“ But can ye trow me, Marjory dear ?
In the might of heavenly grace,
There was never a sigh burst frae my heart,
Nor a tear ran o’er my face.

“ But I blessed my God, who had thus seen meet
To take him from my side,

To call him home to the courts above,
And leave me a virgin bride."

"Alack, alack, bonnie Marley Reid,
That sic days we hae lived to see !
For siccan a cruel and waefu' tale
Was never yet heard by me.

"And all this time, I have trembling, weened,
That your dear wits were gone ;
For there is a joy in your countenance,
Which I never saw beam thereon.

"Then let us kneel with humble hearts,
To the God whom we revere,
Who never yet laid that burden on,
Which He gave not strength to bear."

ON MARK WILSON, SLAIN IN IRONGRAY.*

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

I WANDERED forth when all men lay sleeping,
 And I heard a sweet voice wailing and weeping,
 The voice of a babe, and the wail of women,
 And even there came a faint low screaming ;
 And after the screaming a low, low moaning,
 All adown by the burnbank in the green loaning.
 I went, and by the moonlight I found
 A beauteous dame weeping low on the ground.

The beauteous dame was sobbing and weeping,
 And at her breast lay a sweet babe sleeping,
 And by her side was a fair-haired child,
 With dark eyes flushed with weeping, and wild

* "On Mark Wilson, slain in Irongray," is one of a series of Cameronian ballads contributed to *Blackwood* by Honest Allan in 1820. In reference to their authorship his biographer (Rev. David Hogg) remarks : "When and where Cunningham picked up these ballads we cannot tell, but perhaps he got them from the same fair hand who gave him the 'Mermaid of Galloway ;' or, what is likelier still, from his own fertile imagination—the same source."

And troubled : he held by his mother, and spake—
“Oh mither ! when will my faither wake ?”
And there lay a man smitten low to the ground,
The blood gushing forth from a bosom wound.

And by his side lay a broken sword,
And by his side lay the opened “Word,”
His palms were spread, and his head was bare,
His knees were bent—he had knelt in prayer ;
But brief was his prayer, for the flowers where he knelt
Had risen all wet with his life’s-blood spilt,
And the smoke of powder smelt fresh around,
And a steed’s hoof-prints were in the ground.

She saw me, but she heeded not,
As a flower she sat, that had grown on the spot ;
But ever she knelt o’er the murdered man,
And sobbed afresh, and the loosed tears ran ;
Even low as she knelt, there came a rush
Like a fiery wind, over river and bush,
And amid the wind, and in lightning speed,
A bright Rider came, on a brighter steed.

“Woe ! woe ! woe !” he called, and there came
To his hand as he spake, a sword of flame ;
He smote the air, and he smote the ground,
Warm blood, as a rivulet, leapt up from the wound,

Shriek followed on shriek, loud, fearful, and fast,
And filled all the track where this dread one passed ;
And tumult and terrible outcry there came,
As a sacked city yields when it stoops to the flame ;
And a shrill low voice came running abroad,
“ Come, mortal man, come, and be judged by God ! ”
And the dead man turned unto heaven his face,
Stretched his hands and smiled in the light of grace.

THE DEATH OF JAMES GUTHRIE.

(Executed at the Cross of Edinburgh, 1st June, 1661.)

JAMES DODDS.

SLOWLY, slowly tolls the death-note, at the Cross the
scaffold stands :

Freedom, law, and life are playthings where the
Tyrant's voice commands :

Found in blood your throne and temple ! foretaste of a
glorious reign ;

Though the heavens were hung in sackcloth, let the
Witnesses be slain !

'Tis the merriest month of summer, 'tis the sweetest
day in June,

And the sun breathes joy in all things, riding at his
highest noon ;

Yet a silence, deep and boding, broods on all the city
round,

And a fear is on the people, as an earthquake rocked
the ground.

Slowly, slowly tolls the death-note, at the Cross the
scaffold stands ;

And the Guardsmen prance and circle, marshalled in
their savage bands ;

And the people swell and gather, heaving darkly like
the deep,
When, in fitful gusts, the north winds o'er its troubled
bosom sweep.

Now the grim Tolbooth is opened, and the death-
procession forms,
With the tinsel pomps of office, with a vain parade of
arms ;
Lowly in the midst, and leaning on his staff, in humble
guise
Guthrie comes, the Proto-martyr ! ready for the
sacrifice ;
Guthrie comes, the Proto-martyr ! and a stern and
stified groan
Runs through the multitude ; but patiently he passeth
on ;
And the people stand uncovered, and they gaze with
streaming eyes,
As when of old the fiery chariot rapt Elijah to the skies.

On his staff in meekness leaning, see him bend infirm
and weak ;
Man in youth, and old in manhood, pale and sunken is
his cheek.
And adown his shoulders flowing, locks grown pre-
maturely gray,

Yet the spirit, strong in weakness, feels nor languor nor
decay ;
And a loftiness is on him, such as fits a noble mind,
Like the oak in grandeur rising, howsoever blows the
wind ;
On his lip, though blanched with vigils, sits the will to
dare or die,
And the fires of grace and genius sparkle in his cloudless
eye.

“ This frail and mortal flesh, I give it
 Freely to the Lord of all !
Were my limbs of brass and iron,
 'Twere an offering far too small,
Life is only ours to serve Him ;
 And our term of service done,
Death for Him and for His Covenant
 Is an honour cheaply won.

“ Not as felon, nor as traitor,
 Whatso evil tongues proclaim,
Am I hither come to suffer
 Every brand of outward shame.
Fixed and serious in my purpose
 Where the hand of God was seen ;
Yet in all things have I laboured
 To preserve my garments clean.

“ I was loyal when the kingdom
 Bowed to Cromwell's haughty frown ;
Few would own the royal standard
 All defaced and trodden down.
Then the flatterers who doom me
 Now to suffer in the street,
Whined and fawned like stricken spaniels
 Round the Lord Protector's feet !

“ Constant to my Prince, and constant
 To the vows we both had taken,
Faithful to his right I stood, when
 By his summer friends forsaken.
Loyal am I, free to render
 Unto Caesar Caesar's due,
Tribute, custom, temporal honour,
 And obedience leal and true.

“ But the King who reigns in Zion,
 High o'er every earthly throne,
Shall I flinch from His allegiance ?
 Or my solemn vows disown ?
With uplifted hands I swore it,
 When the Nation joined in band,
Monarch, magistrates, and nobles,
 And the peasants of the land !
Though I knew by signs and shadows
 That my life-blood must be spent

In the work and in the warfare,
Struggling for the Covenant.

“ Welcome scaffold ! ’tis a Bethel,
Angel-wings are hovering here ;
Welcome ladder ! thou shalt lift me
Far beyond this cloudy sphere.
Ah ! thou Daughter of my people !
Sweet and lovely at thy birth,
When the throes of Reformation
Shook the old astonished earth,
What a blight is on thy beauty,
Since thou hast forgot thy truth,
And the joys of thy bright morning—
Sweet espousals of thy youth !

“ Thou shalt suffer ! God’s true Gospel
Shall be darkened, and a brood
Of locusts overspread thy valleys,
Leaving neither flower nor food ;
And the wild-boar from the forest
Rush on thy defenceless home ;
For thy watchmen do not warn thee
Of the woes about to come ;
But they slumber, drugged with wine-lees,
Or they quail in carnal fear ;
And thy bondage shall continue
Till the Lord Himself appear,

Till He make His right arm naked,
To avenge His people's wrongs !
And restore the mournful captives,
With everlasting songs.

“ Here my pilgrim's staff is broken,
All my bands are now untied ;
I die to live with Him for ever,
Who for my salvation died.
Faith, which long hath groped and wavered
In this world's uncertain light,
Leaping from its mortal prison,
Now is passing into sight.
Earthly cares and human contests,
Inward pangs and darkness cease,
Now, O Lord ! dismiss Thy servant
Into everlasting peace ! ”

He hath spoken ! Seal his sentence ; little boots it what
ye do :

He hath spoken ! and recorded darker, heavier doom
on you !

Hurry on the doom assigned him by the minions of
your State,
Rend the head from off his body, fix it on your city-
gate ;

Let the Lyon-Herald taint him, be his arm reversed
and torn ;
Be his earthly goods confiscate, let his household wail
and mourn ;
Crush the Spiritual by the Carnal, answer Conscience
with the sword ;
By the dungeon and the scaffold force submission to
your word :
Good and Evil, Force and Freedom, let them close with
deadly yell !
'Tis a warfare old as Satan, deep as the abyss of Hell !

He hath spoken ! and his words are not water on the
ground ;
Years may vanish, but his warnings shall in all their
truth be found.
He hath spoken ! and the Nation to its inmost soul
hath heard
And the withered bones are shaken by the breathings
of his word ;
And, though dead, his guiding spirit in the land for
aye shall dwell,
And Oppression's boasted strongholds shiver at the
mighty spell.

PEDEN "THE PROPHET'S" GRAVE.

A. B. TODD.

HIGH on a knoll above the town
 Where mellowed comes the din,
 Up from the marts of trade, which drown
 All softer sounds within.
 Where balmy summer breezes play,
 From out the glowing west ;
 Or where the wintry tempests bray,
 Till, spent, they sink to rest.
 Beneath two old and hallowed thorns,
 Sleeps Peden good and brave,
 Where, now, fit monument adorns
 The grand old "Prophet's" grave.*

His *second* grave it is, for long
 His persecutors prowled

* In the year 1891, a beautiful granite monument, 21 feet high, was erected close to the grave of this grand old Elijah of the Scottish Covenant, at a cost of nearly three hundred pounds sterling,—the inauguration ceremony being performed by Professor Blackie, and attended by about 4000 people.

O'er bleak moor and through darksome glen,
 (Though Heaven in anger scowled)
To shed his blood, with those who stood
 For conscience and for right :
The cave high o'er the flood they searched
 With torches in the night,
They searched his brother's dwelling through,
 But God protection gave,
And willed that his dear saint should go
 Down to a bloodless grave.

At early dawn, all silently,
 In haste that grave was made,
Which green had grown at Auchinleck,
 When it his foes invade,
And bore his corse, with fiendish glee,
 Away to Cumnock town,
To hang it on the gallows tree,
 Which grimly there did frown.
But woman's pleading voice prevailed
 The indignity to save,
Though at the gallows foot was made
 Old Peden's second grave.

These evil times have passed away,
 The war-trump and the drum ;
The clash of arms, the battle-bray
 'Mong Scotia's hills are dumb ;

And since not now our necks are bent
To tyrants and the sword,
We owe it all to those who stood
And battled for the Lord.
And long will patriots drop the tear,
Which pity aye will crave,
From those who come from far and near,
To visit Peden's grave.

RULLION GREEN.

HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

WHILE lone through the woodland my path I pursue,
Where the soft breeze of morning unceasingly sighs,
Yet scarce stirs the boughs o'er the night's deeper dew,
So long in the forest's recesses that lies.

Oh ! shall not the thoughts to high heaven belong,
Where now live exalted the faithful and good,
Who here, when the tide of oppression ran strong,
For Faith and for Freedom the spoiler withstood ?

The sunshine beams bright on the heath of the hill,
And beauty and bliss mark the scenery of day ;
There's music and joy in the voice of the rill,
And the wild rose in loneliness waves by the way.

Yet would there be joy in the voice of the stream,
And beauty on earth from the heavens above,
All blended in light like a bliss-bringing dream,
If our land were no land of true freedom and love ?

More rich is the flower, and the sunshine more bright,
In the isles lying far o'er the ocean's wide wave,
But when shall the lawn and the flower bring delight
That is trod by the step of the tyrant and slave ?

On the breast of yon steep, lo ! the warrior's grey cairn,
Who bled for his country, still rising is seen ;
And far 'mong the moorlands the heath and the fern
Wave round where the grave of the martyr grows
green.

And these are the mighty, the morally brave,
Who died, an inheritance thus to convey
That is more than the wealth that can come by the
slave,
And all that is found 'neath the dwellings of day.

'Twas the light of high heaven that fixed (though so
frail)
The heart of humanity, still to withstand
The powerful and proud who with death would assail
The lowly and faithful that lived in the land.

Defying that God, in their merciless strife,
That erst sent to save them His own only Son,
They lavished in madness the powers of their life
In the soul-searing servitude of the Foul One.

Oh, pause by the cairn, yet still more by the grave,
That far on the moor for the martyred was dug,
And ask if 'twas more not true freedom to save
Than won all that proud ones delighted to hug.

The King in yon halls drank his deep draught of wine,
While flatt'ers around sent the ruthless abroad ;
The progress to mar of the radiance divine,
And murder the peaceful, and browbeat their God.

They hemmed in the valley and hunted the moor,
And pilfered the gear that the fugitives left ;
And mocked the frail mother and children, now poor,
Of their father and home and their holding bereft.

Thus press would the power that enforced them to bear,
Yet left for the suff'rer no path of appeal ;
Till wild desperation arose from despair,
To ward off the blows that oppression would deal.

Here hoary and hot came the wild Laird of Binns,
Whose cheek ne'er the tear-drop of pity bedewed ;
But the victory is poor inhumanity wins,
O'er those it to woe and to want hath pursued.

Yet sigh not for them with a bosom dismayed,
That here sleep so sound where they died on the lea ;

Though the turf by the stranger might o'er them be
laid,

'Twas a turf of the land which they fell to make free.

And God will remember, below and above,

The heart that approved itself fearlessly true ;

To the cause which His influence has taught it to love,

Where the foemen are fierce and the faithful are few.

Here—here too behold how the stone has been reared,

The memorial of those, still through ages to stand ;

Who died in resisting the foes that appeared,

'Gainst the freedom and faith of their own native
land.

THE NITHSDALE MARTYRS.

WILLIAM McDOWALL.

WAX frail and crumble into dust
 Each fretted tomb and storied bust ;
 Memorials of the perished proud,
 Be your infirm foundations bowed.
 Let shattered shaft and plumeless crest
 Time's desolating march attest ;
 The gilded scroll and blazing urn
 To blank and voiceless stone return ;
 That truncheon to the earth be thrown,
 Its severed sand like ashes strewn ;
 That diadem to darkness cast.
 Its emblematic glory past :—
 Let these memorials, one and all,
 In unrecorded ruin fall ;
 Yea, let the poet's lofty shrine *
 Its laurelled garniture resign,
 And sink, with dark oblivion hid ;

* The monument to the poet Burns stands a little to the east of that raised in St. Michael's Churchyard, Dumfries, to the Martyrs.

But spare this rude grey pyramid !
Time ! take the rest without a tear,
But turn aside, nor trample here.

Though well the chisel and the lyre,
To consecrate the dead conspire,
And hearts beloved are hushed below,
Who merit all which these bestow ;
Yet if thy path must needs be traced
By mouldering shrines and tombs defaced—
If these which Art has called her own
But form a footstool for thy throne,
To tremble 'neath thy tiresome tread,
Then mingle with the insulted dead ;
If thou canst not thy foot refrain,
Take these proud piles which crowd the plain ;
But, as thou would'st a blessing earn,
Spare, spare the Martyr's humble cairn.

Memorial of that doughty band
Whose blood so often dyed the land—
Of those who trode a toilsome path,
Thorn-planted by the tyrant's wrath—
Who nobly braved contempt and shame,
Contending for Messiah's claim,
And leagued in brotherhood and love,
For His Crown-rights and Covenant strove :
Witness, ye hills that point to heaven,

How true the testimony given !
Witness, ye streams which calmly glide,
How fearfully their faith was tried !
Witness, thou vale of Nith so fair,
Their hours of weariness and care—
Their days of dread and nights of pain,
When shelter there they sought in vain !
Thy dusky caves their shadows lent ;
Thy craggy glens their foliage bent
To clasp within their dim embrace
The remnant of that stricken race !
But cruel men have eagle eyes—
They pierced the folds and found the prize ;
They found them with long watching tired,
But yet with deep devotion fired.
With haggard look and raiment torn,
With visage marred, and famine-worn !
How wasted now each stalwart frame !
But still their high resolve the same—
To worship, though a host said nay,
As conscience pointed out the way :
In its blest exercise they fell,
Sore stricken in the mountain dell ;
'Mid taunt and scorn they died—they died
By desert stream and lone hillside !

And this grey pyramid was piled
To keep their memory undefiled,

That men unborn might understand
The claim of Scotland's martyr band :
Then spare its stones, thou spoiler Time !
To touch them were presumptuous crime !

The stern old Carle, with scythe and glass,
Just pointed to the drooping grass,
Which winced and withered 'neath his frown :

“ So shall its stones be shaken down !
I travel on—beneath my tread
Earth's monumental piles are laid ;
Though fools would to their tablets trust
The records of the proud or just,
And bright or brave achievements done,
I triumph o'er them every one :
So must this feeble structure fail,
And buried be its woeful tale,
Swept from the register of years,
Its narrative of blood and tears :
In vain to harm it not you call.
What reck I, if oblivion's pall
Above these boasted martyrs fall ? ”

Then do thy worst, though large thy boast,
Their hallowed names shall ne'er be lost ;
Their deeds, their wrestlings, their renown,
Shall pass to latest ages down :

These cannot fall beneath thy sway
Like this frail chronicle of clay.
Long as heroic worth remains
To thrill the pulse in human veins ;
Long as thyself their fame shall last—
Yea, longer ; for when Time is past,
The Martyrs' memory shall not die ;
'Tis star-traced in yon cloudless sky.

THE MARTYR'S GRAVE.

HUGH BROWN.

I HAVE stood by the martyr's lonely grave,
Where the flowers of the moorland bloom,
Where bright memorials of nature wave
Sweet perfumes o'er the sleeping brave
In his moss-clad mountain tomb.

I knelt by the wild and lonely spot,
Where moulders the heart of one
That bled and died, but blanchéd not
At the tyrant's chain or the soldier's shot,
Till life's last sands had run.

And the vision of other days came back,
When the dark and bloody band,
With the might of a living cataract,
Essayed to sweep in their fiery tract
The godly from the land.

When Zion was far on the mountain's height,
When the wild was the house of prayer ;

Where the eyes of eternal hope grew bright,
O'er the saint arrayed in the warrior's might
For his God and his country there.

When the barbarous hordes, as they onward rode
By the wild and rocky glen,
Have heard when away from man's abode,
A voice that awed like the voice of God !
'Twas the hymn of the fearless men.

For the sunless cave was the martyr's home,
And the damp cold earth his bed ;
And the thousand lights of the starry home
Were the suns of his path while doomed to roam
O'er the wilds where his brothers bled.

When the clang of conflict rose on the heath,
And the watchword of freedom rose,
Like the tones of heaven on the saint's last breath,
Far, far o'er the battle notes of death,
As he soared to his last repose.

When he stood by the scaffold, the faggot and stake,
As his earthly heritage ;
Yet welcomed all for his Master's sake,
Whose sword of vengeance yet should wake
To curb their whirlwind rage.

The vision passed—but the home is mine
Where the wild bird makes her nest,
On the rocky altar, and mossy shrine,
Where the weeds and flowers of the desert shine
Round the martyr's bed of rest.

The lovers of freedom can never forget
The glorious peasant band—
His sires—that on Scotia's mountains met;
Each name like a seal on the heart is set—
The pride of his fatherland.

HOLY GROUND.

J. LAUCLAN MACLEAN WATT, M.A.

TALK not to me of holy ground, or of places conse-
crated ;

For all the world is sacred soil, which the Lord our God
created—

And for riband, and gesture, and Latin creed, and the
Pope himself, I care not—

There's a glory to me on the lone hillside, which the
crypt and the cloister share not.

Ay, up on the hills—in the halls of mist—in the very
eye of heaven—

There is the glory fresh from God, and the inspiration
given ;

Where the psalm of the martyrs caught the breeze, and
solemnly rose and fell,

As they worshipped Him, where their life's blood
flowed, to stain the heather bell.

Float, mist ! above the valley, high o'er the saintly soli-
tude,

Where by cave, and crag, and hole, and hag, the shadow
and silence brood ;

And every knoll in the lonely glen—each cleft in the
mountain side—

Is a holy place, where the saints of God, fought, fainted,
and fell, and died.

Yea, yonder to me is the holy soil, in the heart of eternal
hills,

Where God, in the mists, His kingly peace, in the soli-
tude yet instils

'Mong the moss and the moors, and the splash of burns,
that sang the saints to sleep ;

Where their sad grey cairns, like sheeted ghosts, their
time-long sentry keep.

It is merely a passing fancy now, as I stand 'neath the
lowering sky,

That the air grows heavy with dream, as I hear the
wild whaup's wailing cry ;

As down the valley on fitful breath, the voice of the
ancient psalm

Floats like a message of peace from heaven, and falls
on the soul like balm ?

And I hear the voice of Cargill swell, on the hush of
the listening air,

As he lifts the cause of his faithful few to the throne
of God in prayer :

There are old men, bowed with the weight of years,—
and young folks fair to see—
And the Broadsword bare, by the Bible is there, at the
worshipper's bended knee.

But the clash of conflict stills the prayer, as the scarlet
horsemen ride,
And the cruel sabres strew the dead along the moun-
tain side ;
And the bloody harvest is gathered in, with a God-ward
vengeance cry,
That rings through the world yet, age on age, as the
true and the faithful die.

O, moorland mist ! or ever I wist, you spake my spirit
sad,
As I saw the world so harsh and cold, and with murder
fever-mad :
God grant that the times be far away—if ever the
morning break—
When men can again be fiends of hell, for the Gali-
lean's sake.

THE BATTLE-FIELD OF DRUMCLOG.

SARAH PARKER DOUGLAS (*The Irish Girl*).

MEMORIAL pillar! as to read thy simply-sculptured
 stone,
 I stand on this expansive moor where quiet holds her
 throne;
 The deep, deep silence which prevails, seems all at once
 to fly,
 And sights and sounds of ages gone come back to ear
 and eye—
 Comes back the time when prayer and praise uprose
 from godly men,
 Whose temple was the lonely heath, the rocky cave and
 glen,
 Who, armed and ready for the foe, from bended knee
 arose,
 In faith renewed, in courage strong, the tyrant to
 oppose.

The tyrant, who would interdict all liberty of thought,
 Compel them to ignore the prayers their infant lips
 were taught,

And breathe before their father's God dictates of other
minds,

By law and bigotry enforced, and all that sternly binds.
But stalwart men of pious heart, in holy union bound,
Courageously defending right, through all the land were
found—

A handful here, a handful there, 'gainst mighty hosts
'tis true,

Who left no cruelty untried their ardour to subdue.

Yet, found unflinching as their sires, whose blood dyed
many a field,

Who chose them victory or death, but did not, would
not yield,

To see home altars overthrown, the Book divine des-
pised,

Religious liberty chained down, which more than life
they prized.

Brave men ! quick-sighted men ! who saw, despite of
mask and creed,

The visage of the despot fiend that made their fathers
bleed,

Whose iron heel appeared again, upraised in savage ire,
To trample glorious freedom down, and crush it in the
mire.

But words are needless to recall that persecution's
reign—

How many homes made desolate, how many good men
slain ;

How many widowed bosoms mourned the husbands of
their youth,

Yet gloried that they nobly fell for Liberty and Truth.
The land was stained with martyrs' blood, but heroes
lived and fought,

Those rights bequeathing to their sons, so bravely,
dearly bought.

Here, this Memorial Stone attests, assailants were sub-
dued—

The mossy fields of famed Drumclog with lifeless foe-
men strewed.

'Tis June's first morn, the Sabbath morn, with its deep
holy calm !

Dew pearlets glitter on the sward, the air is fraught
with balm ;

The lark hath left her lowly nest, and up, far upward
floats,

The pure, clear ether making glad with her sweet matin
notes,

The spirit of devotion seems to breathe from heath
and fen,

And from the tranquil heavens above beams Peace,
good-will to men ;

Yet, nigh the base of yonder hill, whose summit's gilt
with rays,
By stealth are met a pious band to join in prayer and
praise.

There, on the stilly air, ascends each solemn vocal
sound,
And there the sacred Book is read with reverence profound,
And orisons are offered up in holy faith and zeal,
Not for deliverance from foes, but for dear Freedom's
weal.
And as the sacred melody dies on the genial air,
And as commingling with the breeze ascends the earnest
prayer,
A bugle note comes loud and clear from Loudonhill
hard by,
A warning from their sentinel, which tells of danger
nigh.

The prayer is ended soft and low, then turning undismayed,
The worshippers await the foe, in each hand a trusty
blade.
Now, Graham of unenvied fame, and troop of mounted
men,
Come sweeping furious o'er the brae, and dash towards
the fen.

They meet—they fight—the clash of steel, loud oaths
and shrieks of pain,

Dispel the quiet, which so late held glad and holy reign.
The neighing wild of struggling steeds plunged in the
yielding bog,

With all the din of conflict fierce, resound through lone
Drumclog.

The contest's o'er, the field is won, the fearful tumult
dies,

But anguish moans, and distant sounds of flying hoofs
arise.

With remnant of his armed dragoons base Claverhouse
has fled ;

The rest bestrew the mossy turf—there writhing, dying,
dead:

With vengeful ire had Graham come remorselessly to
slay

Those "rebels" termed, who at Drumclog had dared to
meet and pray.

Yet not the blood he had designed so ruthlessly to spill,
Made sanguine yonder battle-field, and dyed yon
bubbling rill.

The tyrant found the little band with whom he had to
cope,

Were men prepared for life or death, for either strong
in hope.

That hands, so late before their God in supplication
clasped,

Were those of valour's self, when thus defensive blades
they grasped.

He saw his scoffing warriors fall before their dauntless
might,

And raging, vanquished, and pursued, made quick, in-
glorious flight,

And this Memorial Pillar stands a sacred tribute reared
In honour of those dauntless men, whose fame's world-
wide revered.

THE SONG OF THE PRISONERS.

GEORGE PAULIN.

By the walls of old Dunnottar
Booms the breaking billow's roar,
O'er the whitening crest of surges
Sounds the ocean dirge of yore ;
As they, rushing, burst in thunder
On Dunnottar's stormy shore.

Oft the music of the billows
Mingled with the covenant psalm,
When the dungeons of Dunnottar
Held the followers of the Lambs—
Men who now in heaven are wearing
Round their brows the victor's palm.

For the westland wild and moorland,
Hunted by the fierce Dundee,
Bound and bleeding, now they listened,
As the surging of the sea
Shoreward broke, and breaking, mingled
With their westland melody.

Deem not, tyrants, ye have conquered,
Though our sires and sons are dead,
And our limbs are bound and bleeding,
We have triumphed in our Head !
For the bridge and braes of Bothwell
With the blood of Christ are red.

But a time—*the* time is coming,
When the mosses of the West,
And the dungeons of Dunnottar,
And the Bass's rocky breast,
Shall, upheaving, gladly usher
Forth, an army of the blest.

Sing, then sing, ye solemn surges !
Shout thy thunders, mighty main !
Ours is but a light affliction,
Fitting us for glory's strain,
When we meet our slaughter'd kindred,
With the Lamb who once was slain !

We shall rise above Dunnottar,
Rise above the sounding sea ;
Rise above the western moorlands,
Glorious, beautiful, and free ;
Meet in cloud of light the Bridegroom—
None so beautiful as He !

He shall say, " Arise, my fair one ! "

And the shades shall flee away,

And the sleep of death be broken,

And the grave be light as day.

And the sunshine of the "ages

Never ending," round us play.

PEDEN AT THE GRAVE OF CAMERON.

MRS. HARRIET STUART MENTEATH.

A SOUND of conflict in the moss ! but that hath passed
 away,
 And through a stormy noon and eve the dead unburied
 lay ;
 But when the sun a second time his fitful splendours
 gave,
 One slant ray rested, like a hope, on Cameron's new
 made grave !

There had been watchers in the night ! strange watchers
 gaunt and grim,
 And wearily, with faint lean hands, they toiled a grave
 for him ;
 But ere they laid the headless limbs unto their mangled
 rest,
 As orphaned children sat they down, and wept upon his
 breast.

O ! dreary, dreary, was the lot of Scotland's true ones
 then,
 A famine-stricken remnant, wearing scarce the guise of
 men ;

They burrowed, few and lonely, 'mid the chill, dank
mountain caves,
For those who once had sheltered them were in their
martyr graves!

A sword had rested on the land—it did not pass away.
Long had they watched and waited, but there dawned
no brighter day
And many had gone back from them, who owned the
truth of old ;
Because of much iniquity their love was waxen cold !

There came a worn and weary man to Cameron's place
of rest,
He cast him down upon the sod ; he smote upon his
breast ;
He wept as only strong men weep, when weep they
must, or die ;
And, "Oh ! to be wi' thee, Ritchie !" was still his bitter
cry !

"My brother ! O my brother ! thou hast passed before
thy time,
And thy blood it cries for vengeance, from this purple
land of crime ;
Who now shall break the bread of life unto the faithful
band,
Who now upraise the standard that is shattered in thine
hand ?

“Alas ! alas ! for Scotland ! the once beloved of heaven ;
The crown is fallen from her head, her holy garment
 riven.

The ashes of her Covenant are scattered far and near,
And the voice speaks loud in judgment, which in love
 she would not hear !

“Alas ! alas ! for Scotland ! for her mighty ones are
 gone.

Thou, brother, thou art taken ; I am left almost alone ;
And my heart is faint within me, and my strength is
 dried and lost,

A feeble and an aged man—alone against a host !

“O pleasant was it, Ritchie, when we two could counsel
 take

And strengthen one another to be valiant for his sake.
Now seems it as the sap were dried from the old blasted
 tree,

And the homeless, and the friendless, would fain lie
 down with thee ! ”

It was an hour of weakness, as the old man bowed his
 head ;

And a bitter anguish rent him, as he communed with
 the dead.

It was an hour of conflict, and he groaned beneath the
rod ;

But the burthen rolled from off him as he communed
with his God !

“ My Father ! O my Father ! shall I pray the Tishbite’s
prayer,

And weary in the wilderness, while Thou wouldst keep
me there ?

And shall I fear the coward fear, of standing all alone,
To testify for Zion’s King, and the glory of His throne ?

“ O Jesus ! blessed Jesus ! I am poor, and frail, and
weak,

Let me not utter of mine own, for idle words I speak ;
But give me grace to wrestle now, and prompt my fal-
tering tongue,

And breathe Thy name into my soul, and so I shall be
strong !

“ I bless Thee for the quiet rest Thy servant taketh now ;
I bless Thee for his blessedness, and for his crowned
brow ;

For every weary step he trode, in faithful following
Thee,

And for the good fight foughten well, and closed right
valiantly !

"I bless Thee for the hidden ones, who yet uphold Thy
name,
Who yet for Zion's King and Crown shall dare the
death of shame.
I bless Thee for the light that dawns even now upon
my soul,
And brightens all the narrow way with glory from the
goal !

"The hour and power of darkness—it is fleeting fast
away.
Light shall arise on Scotland, a glorious gospel day.
Woe ! Woe ! to the oppressors ; they shall shrivel in His
hand.
Thy King shall yet appear for thee, thou covenanted
land !

"I see a time of respite, but the people will not bow ;
I see a time of judgment, even a darker time than now.
Then, Lord, uphold Thy faithful ones, as now Thou dost
uphold,
And feed them, as Thou still hast fed Thy chosen flock
of old !

"The glory ! O the glory ! it is bursting on my sight.
Lord ! Thy poor vessel is too frail for all this blinding
light !

Now let Thy good word be fulfilled, and let Thy kingdom come ;
And, Lord, even in Thine own best time, take Thy poor servant home ! ”

Upon the wild and lone Airmoss, down sat the twilight gray ;
In storm and cloud the evening closed upon that cheerless day ;
But Peden went his way refreshed, for peace and joy were given,
And Cameron's grave had proved to him the very gate of heaven !

THE COVENANTER'S BATTLE
CHANT.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

To battle ! to battle !
To slaughter and strife !
For a sad, broken Covenant
We barter poor life.
The great God of Judah
Shall smite with our hand,
And break down the idols
That cumber the land.

Uplift every voice
In prayer and in song ;
Remember ! the battle
Is not to the strong :—
Lo, the Ammonites thicken !
And onward they come,
To the vain noise of trumpet,
Of cymbal and drum.

They haste to the onslaught,
With hagbut and spear ;
They lust for a banquet
That's deathful and dear.
Now, horseman and footman
Sweep down the hill-side :
They come, like fierce Pharaohs,
To die in their pride !

See, long plume and pennon
Stream gay in the air ;
They are given us for slaughter—
Shall God's people spare ?
Nay, nay ; lop them off—
Friend, father, and son ;
All earth is athirst till
The good work be done.

Brace tight every buckler,
And lift high the sword !
For biting must blades be
That fight for the Lord.
Remember, remember,
How saints' blood was shed,
As free as the rain, and
Houses desolate made !

Among them !—among them !

Unburied bones cry ;

Avenge us—or like us,

Faith's true martyrs die.

Hew, hew down the spoiler !

Slay on, and spare none :

Then shout forth in gladness,

Heaven's battle is won !

THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIG.

(From Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.)

"O, BILLIE, billie, bonny billie,
Will ye go to the wood wi' me ?
We'll ca' our horse hame masterless,
An' gar them trow slain men are we."

"O no, O no !" says Earlstoun,
"For that's the thing that mauna be ;
For I am sworn to Bothwell Hill,
Where I maun either gae or dee."

"So Earlstoun rose in the morning,
An' mounted by the break o' day ;
An' he has joined our Scottish lads,
As they were marching out the way."

"Now, farewell, father, and farewell, mother,
And fare ye weel, my sisters three ;
An' fare ye weel, my Earlstoun,
For thee again I'll never see !"

So they're awa' to Bothwell Hill,
An' waly they rode bonnily !
When the Duke o' Monmouth saw them comin',
He went to view their company.

"Ye're welcome, lads," the Monmouth said,
"Ye're welcome, brave Scots lads, to me !
And sae are you, brave Earlstoun,
The foremost o' your company !"

"But yield your weapons ane an' a',
O yield your weapons, lads, to me ;
For gin ye'll yield your weapons up,
Ye'se a' gae hame to your country."

Out then spak' a Lennox lad,
And waly but he spoke bonnily !
"I winna yield my weapon up,
To you or nae man that I see."

Then he set up the flag o' red,
A' set about wi' bonny blue ;
"Since ye'll no cease, and be at peace,
See that ye stand by ither true."

They stell'd their cannons on the height,
And shower'd their shot down in the howe ;
An' beat our Scots lads even down,
Thick they lay slain on every knowe.

As e'er ye saw the rain down fa',
Or yet the arrow frae the bow—
Sae our Scottish lads fell even down,
An' they lay slain on every knowe.

“O hold your hand,” then Monmouth cry'd,
“Gi'e quarters to yon men for me !”
But wicked Claver'se swore an oath,
His cornet's death revenged sud be.

“O hold your hand,” then Monmouth cry'd,
“If onything you'll do for me ;
Hold up your hand, you curs'd Græme,
Else a rebel to our king ye'll be.”

Then wicked Claver'se turned about,
I wot an angry man was he ;
And he has lifted up his hat,
And cry'd, “God bless his Majesty !”

Then he's awa' to London town,
Ay e'en as fast as he can dree ;
Fause witnesses he has wi' him ta'en,
And ta'en Monmouth's head frae his body.

Alang the brae, beyond the brig,
Mony a brave man lies cauld and still ;
But lang we'll mind, and sair we'll rue,
The bloody battle of Bothwell Hill.

CARGILL TAKEN PRISONER AT
COVINGTON HILL.

(July, 1681.)

JAMES DODDS.

I.

THE Clyde rolls on majestic, beneath a July moon ;
The sky is calm and cloudless, well-nigh as bright as
noon ;
And far into the heavens Cothwhan uplifts his height,
With his young and floating tresses all bathed in streams
of light,
Like some angelic watcher, to watch with radiant eye
O'er holy Cargill's slumber in the miller's cot hard by.

II.

The blessing rest upon thee, and deep, serene repose !
And the cloudy pillar hide thee from the fury of thy
foes !
With strong heart hast thou wrestled in the fulness of
the day,
And thy God shall be thy glory when the earth-lights
die away.

Whoso are true and faithful unto their latest breath,
Bud when the false ones wither, and greenest look in
death.

III.

But see those forms that darkly from the distant
heights appear ;
That hollow sound, whence comes it, like horsemen
trampling near ?
'Tis but the dark wood waving where St. John's kirk
standeth lone,
And that hollow tramp of horsemen is but the night-
wind's moan.
And all is peace and sweetness ; the moon looks from
on high
On her cradled children smiling with her blessed
mother-eye.

IV.

Ah no ! 'tis not the dark wood, 'tis not the night wind's
moan ;
'Tis the savage troops of Bonshaw that are hither
rushing on.
The door is burst, the chamber is filled with steel-shod
feet,
And the aged slumberer shaken from his slumbers still
and sweet.

He looks at first half-wildered, then meekly riseth up,
And with cheerful heart prepareth to drink his Master's
cup:

V.

Across the Clyde they bear him, and to Lanark roughly
ride,
While beneath the horse's belly his legs are closely tied.
And loud the jeers and laughter, and Bonshaw yells
with glee,
"A blessed day for Bonshaw, a blessed prize to me,
Six thousand merks are clinking on that blessed saddle-
tree!"

VI.

By the ancient kirk at Lanark, in the eye of all the
hills,
Then spake God's ancient servant, and time the word
fulfils :
"I tell thee, cruel Bonshaw, that on high hast built thy
nest,
By whom God's Church and people so long have been
opprest,
Where now thou stand'st exulting in the greatness of
thy lust,
A bloody hand from thine own wild band shall strike
thee to the dust.
As low as thou art lordly shalt thou welter in thy blood,
And this shall be ere yon ash tree again begin to bud."

VII.

And so before that ash tree again began to bud,
As low as he was lordly did he welter in his blood.
A bloody hand from his own wild band did strike him
to the dust,
Where then he stood exulting in the greatness of his
lust.
By the ancient kirk at Lanark was the mangled carcase
laid,
And the word returned not empty which the godly man
had said.

VIII.

But gently, like the streamlet that seeks the ocean's
breast,
Old Cargill passeth onward to his centre and his rest.
Even as an aged pilgrim, who sadly toils along,
Enters the city gladly at the quiet even song.

IX.

The wise and wakeful virgins, whose lamps were
trimmed and bright,
Went forth to meet the bridegroom at the midwatch of
the night,
And dreaded not the darkness, their lamps so clearly
burned,
But forth they went rejoicing, and with bridal wreaths
returned.

THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD,
MY JEANIE. *

(A Covenanter's Love-Song.)

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THOU hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white hand o' thine,
And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,
That thou wad aye be mine !
And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,
And by that kind heart o' thine,
By a' the stars sown thick owre heaven
That thou shalt aye be mine !

Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose sic bands,
An' the heart that wad part sic love ;
But there's nae hand can loose the band,
Save the finger o' God above.
Tho' the wee, wee cot, maun be my bield,
An' my claithing e'er sae mean,
I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o' love,
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean !

* From Cromek's "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song,"
but undoubtedly the production of Cunningham.

Her white arm wad be a pillow to me,
Fu' safter than the down,
An' Love wad winnow owre us his kind, kind wings,
An' sweetly I'd sleep an' soun'.
Come here to me, thou lass o' my love,
Come here and kneel wi' me ;
The morning is fu' o' the presence o' God,
An' I canna pray but thee.

The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the beds o' new flowers,
The wee birds sing kindly an' hie,
Our gude-man leans owre his kail-yard dyke,
An' a blythe auld body is he.
The Book maun be taen when the carle comes hame,
Wi' the holie psalmodie,
An' thou maun speak o' me to thy God,
An' I will speak o' thee !

OUR FATHERS—WHERE ARE THEY.

WILLIAM M'COMB.

Our Fathers, where are they—the faithful and wise ?
They are gone to their mansions prepared in the skies ;
With the ransomed in glory, forever they sing,
All worthy the Lamb, our Redeemer and King.

Our Fathers, who were they ? Men strong in the Lord,
Who were nurtured and fed with the milk of the Word ;
Who breathed in the freedom their Saviour had given,
And fearlessly waved their blue banner to heaven.

Our Fathers, how lived they ? In fasting and prayer,
Still grateful for blessing, and willing to share
Their bread with the hungry, their basket and store,
Their home with the homeless that came to the door.

Our Fathers, where knelt they ? Upon the green sod,
And poured out their hearts to their covenant God ;
And oft in the deep glen, beneath the wild sky,
The songs of their Zion were wafted on high.

Our Fathers, how died they ? They valiantly stood
The rage of the foeman, and sealed with their blood,
By "faithful contendings," the faith of their sires,
'Mid tortures, in prisons, on scaffolds, in fires.

Our Fathers, where sleep they ? Go search the wild
 cain,
Where the birds of the hill make their nests in the fern ;
Where the dark purple heather, and bonny blue bell,
Deck the mountain and moor, where our forefathers fell.

THE COVENANTER'S HYMN.

WILLIAM ALLAN.

DARING a tyrant's laws,
Harried of home,
All for the Covenant cause,
Friendless I roam ;
Better a mountain cave,
Better a moorland grave,
Never a priestly slave
Shall I become.

Safe in my rocky lair,
Joyous my voice,
Hunger and cold I bear,
Still I rejoice ;
Never a conscience-chain,
Never a coward's stain
Shall in my breast remain,
Freedom's my choice.

Hunted as human game,
Shot on the heath,
Many of martyr name
Slumber in death ;

O! from their blood shall rise
Freedom's immortal cries
Till every tyrant lies
Crushed by its breath.

Surely this glorious day
Scotland shall see,
When from oppression's sway
Raised she shall be ;
Ruler of earthly things,
Keep her beneath Thy wings,
Guard her from priests and kings,
Scotland ! the free.

THE MARTYR'S GRAVE.

JOHN MACFARLANE.

HID in the depths o' the muirlan' mists,
 Unwatched on the slope o' the mountain green,
 The Martyr's Grave that we kent langsyne
 Pleads wi' the heart in the wilds unseen ;
 An' the glen whaur, forfouchen an' hunted sair,
 He socht for a den by the roebuck's lair.

Alane, on the hill-tap stern an' grey,
 Alane, in the fa' o' heaven's ain dew,
 He thocht o' the Lord and His promise guid,
 For the faith o' the Covenant life was true ;
 An' a sweet dream cam' owre his wearied sicht,
 Like a gleam straucht doon frae the starns' o' licht.

Chased frae his hame, an' the bairns he lo'ed,
 Far frae the love o' his kith an' kin,
 He still was leal to the grand auld League,
 For he couldna bide in the tents o' sin ;
 An' the crown was his that the sainted wear,
 For it glintit aft on his broo o' care.

Abune was the treasure he lang had hained,
Abune wi' the host o' the pure an' just,
Sae he didna flee frae the 'oor o' doom,
His fathers' God was his only trust ;
An' his saul ta'en flicht to the realms sae blest,
Tho' his shroud was a shroud o' mornin' mist.

THE DEATHBED OF RUTHERFORD.

MRS. HARRIET STUART MENTEATH.

TREAD lightly through the darkened room, for a sick
 man lieth there,
 And, 'mid the dimness, only stirs the whispered breath
 of prayer ;
 As anxious hearts take watch by turns beside the lowly
 bed,
 Where sleep the awful stillness wears that soon must
 wrap the dead !

Hours hath he known of fevered pain, but now his rest
 is calm,
 As though upon the spirit worn distilled some healing
 balm.
 It may be that his dreaming ear wakes old accustomed
 words,
 Or drinks once more the matin song of Anworth's
 "blessed birds !" *

* Only I think the sparrows and swallows that build, their
 nests in the kirk of Anworth, "blessed birds."—RUTHERFORD'S
 LETTERS.

O ! green and fresh upon his soul, those early haunts
arise,

His kirk, his home, his wild wood walk, with all their
memories ;

The very rushing of the burn, by which so oft he trod,
The while on eagle wings of faith his spirit met its God !

A smile hath brightened on his lip—a light around his
brow.

Oh ! surely, “ words unspeakable,” that dreamer listeth
now ;

And glories of the upper sky, his raptured senses steep,
Blent with the whispers of His love who gives His loved
ones sleep !

But hark!—a sound!—a tramp of horse!—a loud, harsh
wrangling din !

Oh ! rudely on that dream of heaven, this world hath
broken in.

In vain affection’s earnest plea—the intruders forward
press ;

And with a struggling spasm of pain, he wakes to con-
sciousness !

Strange lights are streaming through the room ; strange
forms are round his bed.

Slowly his dazzled sense takes in each shape and sound
of dread—

“False traitor to thy country’s laws and to thy
sovereign lord,
I summon thee to meet thy doom, thou felon Rutherford !”

Feebly the sick man raised his hand—his hand so thin
and pale,
And something in the hollow eye, made that rude
speaker quail :
“Man ! thou hast sped thine errand well ! yet is it
wasted breath,
Except the great ones of the earth can break my tryst
with death !

“A few brief days, or briefer hours and I am going
home
Unto mine own prepared place where but few great
ones come.
And to the judgment seat of Him, who sealed me with
His seal ;
’Gainst evil tongues, and evil men, I make my last
appeal !

“A traitor was His name on earth ! a felon’s doom His
fate.
Thrice welcome were my Master’s cup, but it hath come
too late.

The summons of that mightiest King, to whom all kings
must bow,
Is on me for an earlier day—is on me even now !

“I hear—I hear—the chariot wheels, that bring my
Saviour nigh ;
For me He bears a golden crown—a harp of melody ;
For me He opens wide His arms—He shows His
wounded side—
Lord ! ’tis my passport into life ! I live—for Thou hast
died ! ”

They give his writings to the flames ; they brand his
grave with shame ;
A hissing in the mouth of fools becomes his honoured
name ;
And darkness wraps awhile the land, for which he
prayed and strove,
But blessed in the Lord his death, and blest his rest
above !

THE MARTYRS OF SCOTLAND.

REV. DR. HORATIUS BONAR.

THERE was gladness in Zion, her standard was flying,
 Free o'er her battlements glorious and gay ;
 All fair as the morning shone forth her adorning,
 And fearful to foes was her godly array.

There is mourning in Zion, her standard is lying
 Defiled in the dust, to the spoiler a prey ;
 And now there is wailing, and sorrow prevailing,
 For the best of her children are weeded away.

The good have been taken, their place is forsaken—
 The man and the maiden, the green and the gray ;
 The voice of the weepers wails over the sleepers—
 The martyrs of Scotland that now are away.

The hue of her waters is crimsoned with slaughters,
 And the blood of the martyrs has reddened the clay ;
 And dark desolation broods over the nation,
 For the faithful are perished, the good are away.

On the mountains of heather they slumber together,
On the wastes of the moorland their bodies decay ;
How sound is their sleeping, how safe is their keeping,
Though far from their kindred they moulder away !

Their blessing shall hover, their children to cover,
Like the cloud of the desert, by night and by day ;
Oh, never to perish, their names let us cherish,
The martyrs of Scotland that now are away.

COVENANT TIMES.

HUGH C. WILSON.

AWAKE, my harp ! ring out thy notes, ring out thy
richest strain,
O'er those who boldly dared for love of God's cause to
be slain ;
Tell thou each Christian of to-day, who by the wayside
faints,
Of times when Scotia's plaid was dyed with life-blood
of the saints ;
When everywhere, by hill and glen, within the stricken
land,
Who held the Bible, also held their lives within their
hand ;
When righteous men were hunted down like wild
beasts of the field—
Brave men, who in the cause of truth, would rather die
than yield.

Lo ! deep from wild sequestered glen, amidst the
Sabbath calm,
Arises through the early mists, to Heaven the morning
psalm ;

Then on the sward, when knees are pressed and every
heart is bare,

Their hearts rise with the speaker's voice, up to the
throne in prayer.

The aged pastor reads the word from God's own sacred
page—

Perhaps, where David sought the Lord to quell the
heathen's rage ;

Again a psalm they sweetly chant, then kneeling down
to pray :

“Oh ! help us, Lord, to do thy will—protect us through
this day.”

With Bible placed upon a rock, he then expounds the
word :

But, hark ! like wind among the trees, a murmuring is
heard,

As when far out the sailor hears across his trackless
path

The tempest breathe o'er ocean vast a telegram of
wrath.

An awful stillness intervenes, then borne along they
hear,

Much louder now, like troubled winds, the murmur
coming near.

Each heart stands still, the cheeks are blanched, the
speaker's voice is dumb ;

Their sentry calls from off the height, “The king's
dragoons—they come !”

"Be calm, be calm, my children dear, and on the Lord
rely ;

He ever ready is to save the needy when they cry ;
Mysterious unto us His ways, but, blessed be His name,
We yet may wear a robe of light—our foes a crown of
shame.

Adown the glen now while you may, seek safety all in
flight,

But draw your blades, ye trusty few, who yet may
have to fight ;

The aged and the feeble first ; haste ! for they hurry
near ;

The women and the children next ; ye strong men,
guard the rear."

The holy man, when left alone, sank down behind a
rock.

"Heed, heed not me, O Lord !" he cried, "but spare,
oh spare thy flock !

Thy hand lies heavy on the land, oh lift Thy chastening
rod,

If 'tis Thy holy will to hear my humble prayer, O God !
And bless wherever met this day, in cave or lonely glen,
Thy chosen few, and teach them, Lord, to bear them-
selves like men ;

And help Thy humble servant now, and hear his earnest
cry ;

If in his en'my's hand he fall, oh give him strength to
die."

The captain came. "Now hoary scamp to flames thy
Bible fling,
And on your knees go down and swear allegiance to
the King."
"To Heaven's high King alone, but not to false King
James, or thou,
While life blood warms this aged frame, these knees
will ever bow."
"Form round, and ready, then, my lads, his blood be
on his head.
"King James or death?" "Heaven's King alone! I
have already said."
Flash! went the guns, down sank the saint, thrust by
the tyrant's rod,
With horrid oaths into his ears, before Thy throne, O
God!

O Scotland! Scotland! scenes like these may well draw
burning tears,
When fiendish men insult thy maids and murder all
thy seers.
But yet tho' rude and rough equipped, thy Hillmen
were not slow,
When band and band together met to face the ruthless
foe.
Then as a hundred sturdy men cleave down the forest
oaks,

'Midst battle's shout and horrid din, so rose and fell
their strokes.

Plumed helmets then were cleft in twain—"Our hearts
and homes," they cry ;

And fighting fell, or conquered there, but scorned to
yield or fly.

On many a lonely mountain waste, by many a trackless
way,

A cairn tells where a hero sleeps, to Scotland of to-day.
Lo ! far on lone Corngellicho moor, where heath fowls
build their nest,

And lambkins frisk among the knowes—three martyrs
lie at rest.

At Cumnock, too, now undisturbed beneath the Peden's
Thorn,

Three lie beside the Seer, who held the tyrant's law in
scorn.

And hundreds more the country round, from age to
tender youth,

A mighty cloud of witnesses, who died for love of
truth.

Ring out, my harp, o'er scenes like these—ring out thy
loftiest strain,

In memory of those who dared for God's cause to be
slain.

Tell of the Covenanting times, when Scotland boldly
thrust

Those cursed chains beneath her feet, and trod them in
the dust.

Praise to the Covenanters' God, to whom all praise is
due,

That Bibles now in every hand are seen the country
through.

And praise be to His holy name, that ever men were
found

To beard the brutish Roman beast and smite him to
the ground.

THE LAND OF THE MARTYRS.

REV. JAMES G. SMALL.

I SAID my harp should sleep for aye—flung by—a use-
less thing :

I said that thou, my joyous muse, must curb thine
eager wing ;

I said that I must onward press, my pilgrim path along,
Nor cheer me, as in days gone by, with the glad voice
of song.

Vain thought for him who strays alone o'er this wild
martyr land !

I feel a spell upon me here I may not dare withstand.

If on these scenes that stretch around mine eye
unmoved should look,

The murmuring streams would speak to me with sadly
mild rebuke.

For still they seem to whisper, as they sweep their
pebbled bed,

The names of those who here, of old, for Jesus lived
and bled ;

And still they seem to image, in their pure and peaceful flow,

The holy lives of those who dwelt beside them long ago.

Each rock and cave, each woody holm, preserves their memory still,

There stands for them a monument in every rugged hill ;

And yet along the mountain side a lingering echo floats
Where oft of old their song of praise sent up its joyful notes.

The old familiar voices upon the breezes come,

And while all Nature speaks aloud, shall man alone be dumb ?

Ah ! no ; nor is his voice unheard—the same rejoicing strain

That gladdened once the wilderness, is thrilling there again.

'Tis heard by Renwick's simple tomb, amid the green Glencairn,

'Tis heard amid the heathy wilds of long and drear Carsphairn ;

'Tis heard beside the silvery Ken, and by the banks of Ayr,

Where Welsh and Guthrie raised of old the voice of praise and prayer.

'Tis heard where lie the bones of him * who lived to
preach and pray,
And died with prayer upon his lips amid the bloody
fray ;

'Tis heard where pours the winding Nith, and sweeps
the placid Dee ;
It mingles with the voice of streams, and with the
sounding sea.

'Tis heard beside the rude grey stones,† where oft, in
days of old,
The holy convocation met, the sacred feast to hold :
Green Anwoth's ‡ heights have heard afar the same
triumphant song,
And all the echoing rocks around the hallowed strain
prolong.

'Tis heard where'er the memory lives of those whose
blood was shed
Like water in the glorious cause of Christ, their living
Head—
Where'er a fearless heart shakes off the world's debasing
bonds,
And to the known, the thrilling voice of Christ, the
King, responds.

* Cameron, of whom it was said that he "lived preaching and
praying, and died praying and fighting."

† The communion stones at Irongray.

‡ Where Rutherford was for some time minister.

'Tis heard from thousand voices now of stedfast men,
and true,
Where once the scattered remnant met—the faithful
but the few,
And still more loud that strain shall swell, though hand
should join in hand,
From moor to hill, from hill to shore, to drive the
dauntless band.

Vain thought that they whose breasts were warmed
with blood of martyred sires
Whose song of praise, unsilenced rose, 'mid tortures,
chains, and fires,
Should shrink because the tempest-gloom hangs louting
o'er their path,
Or quail before the ruder storm of man's relentless
wrath !

Vain thought that they whose eyes are fixed in
confidence and love
On Him who deigned to leave for them His glorious
home above,
And for the joy before Him set, such bitter anguish
bore,
Should fear to tread the roughest way which He has
trod before !

Ah ! no ; where'er the Shepherd leads, the trusting
sheep will go—

Rejoicing still to follow Him, because His voice they
know ;

And pleasant is the path to them though rugged oft it
be,

Where yet the footsteps of the flock are traced along
the lea.

THE MARTYR'S PROPHECY.

MARION PAUL AIRD.

"A BLUIDY sword for Scotland!" a bluidy, bluidy
sword,
When her lion tramples in the dust the banner of the
Lord;
When her sheep are scattered o'er the hills, her prayers
on the breeze,
And Israel hangs her broken harp upon the willow
trees.

"A bluidy sword for Scotland!"—dark nights of
trouble haste,
When her Father's house is desolate, her pleasant things
laid waste,
When the holy place is burned with fire—and clouds of
judgment dire
Make dim the golden candlesticks, that bear her spirit-
fire.

"A bluidy sword for Scotland!" when floods of war
shall come,
And separate in bloodless strife the father and the son;

The shepherd in the pasture fold must leave his bleating sheep,

His children wander from the hearth, in homeless want to weep.

"A bluidy sword for Scotland!" when truth in dust shall hide,

The faithful in the furnace be like gold and silver tried,
Till walking forth, thro' seven fires, His image pure they bear ;

In terror like a bannered host—in light, a sunshine fair.

When Justice on the throne of kings shall whet her glittering sword,

When marshall'd hosts shall lift on high the standard of the Lord ;

To write anew her covenant these witness-clouds shall come,

As doves unto their windows flock, the faithful gather home.

When her watchmen shall anoint the shield, and gird them for the fight,

And blow the trumpet thro' the land, to war against the night,

When the dragon teareth in his wrath the "Plant of high Renown,"

And pilfers from the "Prince of Peace" the jewels of His crown.

THE MARTYRDOM OF JOHN BROWN.

HUGH BROWN.

LIST to the tale of one who faultless fell,
Whose humble tombstone decks the moorland dell.

Far on the moor his lonely cot was placed,
A rude unpolished gem upon the waste.
The smoke curled lonely, 'mid the air on high
A moment hung and melted in the sky ;
Where the brook murmured, and the mountain frowned
Through the far-stretching wilderness around ;
The wild winged denizens of ether sung ;
The shepherd on the breeze his music flung ;
The sweet toned melody of nature there,
Thrilled in sweet carols through the summer air.
The peaceful inmates of that humble hearth,
Lived like primeval dwellers of the earth—
Summer had smiles that charmed the lingering hour,
With winds perfumed from moss and mountain flower.
Cloud, sunshine, stream, the daisy on the sod,
Raised their unbiassed hearts in praise to God.
When winter swathed the land with unstained snow,
It came the type of holiness below ;

When the unfettered tempest, high and strong,
Rocked the lone cottage as it swept along,
Trusting in Him who guides the storm's career,
'Twas God's own music to the listening ear.

Cast on the troubled waters of the time,
When prayer was treason, piety a crime ;
When persecution raised her red right hand
To crush the germ of freedom through the land ;
Then oft that cottage light, though faint and far,
Shone to the wanderer, as the guiding star
Shines to the sailor on a stormy sea,
Beaming with hope of happiness to be.

Summer's first morn had dawned upon the wild,
And nature's fair and lovely features smiled,
When pious Brown, with day's first beam arose,
And called his slumbering children from repose.
They gathered round the cottage hearth, to raise
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise,
The holy untaught melody of the heart,
Dearer to heaven than all the pomp of art.
Unheard by human ear the cadence dies,
Its last faint murmurs mingling with the skies.
He read of Love, from Mercy's hallowed Book,
Felt in his heart, and glowing in his look :
Hoping, exulting o'er the promise given,
That brightened weeping hours with hopes of heaven ;

Knelt with his children at the eternal throne,
And pleaded with a fervour not his own ;
Breathed, from a holy heaven-born influence given,
The language of a spirit fit for heaven ;
His soul entranced with high devotion's glow,
Forgot he was a sufferer here below—
When lo ! a shriek ! the startled echoes rang
With neighing war-steeds, and the warrior's clang
Woke him to earth, and drew him from the sky,
To clasp his weeping family and die.
Firm in the spirit of his prayer he stood,
Resigned, yet fearless ; calm, but unsubdued.
“Prepare !” the dark and fierce avenger cried ;
“Prepare !” his language, in his hour of pride.

The good man knelt upon the flowery heath,
Soon to be crimsoned with the tide of death ;
His farewell prayer of triumph and repose ;
Heaven's glories dawning o'er his earthly woes,
In the true martyr's spirit, plead with heaven,
His death, his country's wrongs, might be forgiven,
And more than angel's eloquence imparts—
It touched the tearless soldiers' iron hearts ;
And pity checked that dark and bloody horde,
Save one—the bosom of their savage lord.
The martyr rose, with calm, unruffled breast,
Like one prepared for everlasting rest.
His weeping little ones were clustered near ;

He kissed each child, and dropped a parting tear ;
A long farewell breathed to his faithful wife ;
And nature for a moment clung to life !
When loud and high the leader's stern command
Rose fierce, but vain, above that bloody band.
Though stain'd with slaughter's darkest, foulest hue,
No arm was raised, no death-winged bullet flew.
The ruthless Clavers raised his hand on high,
Rage in his heart, and mockery in his eye ;
A moment—and the martyred hero lay
Redeemed with blood ; his soul had passed away !
From death and insult springing to a throne,
The guilt his foe's, the triumph all his own.

The Theban mother gloried in her son,
Borne on his shield, from battle he had won ;
The peasant's wife, far on the Scottish moor,
With none to soothe, did heavier grief endure ;
The Christian matron, to her nature true,
Leaned o'er her slaughtered lord, and triumphed too.

PEDEN'S PRAYER.

REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

THE Covenant is down, and a dastard wears the crown,
And Scotland with a frown, bears her fetters as she
may ;—

And the sun looks down between auld Nithsdale's hills
of green,
Where Cameron's grave is seen by the pilgrim on his
way.

His was the rapid course of the torrent from its source,
The more we see its force, it the sooner meets the sea ;
For young his crown was won, and soon his race was
run,
And many a weary one with the Martyr fain would be!

And years had come and gane, since the day the martyrs
slain
(No more at Sanquhar's stane, but before the King on
High !)
Had the Covenant renewed, they had solemn sealed in
blood,
And in victors' robes had stood in the assembly of the
sky.

And there amang the heather—his thin hands clasped
together,
And his weary glance up thither where the paths of
victory lie—
And pleading for release, is Peden on his knees,
And, “O to be wi’ Ritchie !” is the burden of his cry.

The mountain-mist and snows had been sent to blind
his foes,
And when his cry uprose he was heard yet once again ;
And the prayer his faith had spoken, received an
answering token,
When the golden bowl was broken, and the Saint forgot
his pain !

PATRICK LAING.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON (*"Surfaceman."*)

THE deid sleep soun' in the auld kirkyaird,
 At the fit o' the hills sae steep;
 They dream sweet dreams aneath the swaird,
 An' lang an' still is their sleep:
 The whaup comes doon wi' an eerie cry,
 An' the peesweep flaps a' day,
 But they canna wauken the deid that lie,
 At rest in their shrouds o' clay.

The grass grows lang, an' waves at the heid
 An' fit o' each sunk thrauch stane;
 "Oh! waes me!" it sighs "for the faithfu' deid,
 That canna come back again."
 Then the win's tak' it up, an' they cry to me
 As I lie on the grassy swaird:
 "We had ane wha kent hoo to live an' dee,
 An' he sleeps in the auld kirkyaird."

For when hate like a clud hung ower the land,
 For the faith his fathers knew,
 He took to the hills wi' the sword in his hand,
 To fecht for the gude an' the true;

An' when the storm o' his life grew still,
They laid him doon to his rest,
In the auld kirkyaird at the fit o' the hill,
Wi' the green swaird on his breast.

An' what tho' nae stane can be seen at his heid,
There is Ane wha dwells abune
That kens o' his grave where the grasses wave,
Wi' its kindly heart within ;
An' when at the last the trumpet blast
Shall bid the heavens be bared,
Then God will keep min' o' that ae leal heart,
That sleeps in the auld kirkyaird.

PEDEN'S GRAVE.*

JOHN VEITCH, LL.D.

LONG were his troubles, and watchings o' night,
 Wrestlings till grey o' the morn,
 At last from death-couch on the moor,
 To the kirkyard tenderly borne.

By Lugar side low he was laid,
 Lovingly happed with the sod;
 From earth they asked nought but a grave,
 His spirit at rest with his God!

* The prophet-preacher was first laid in the churchyard of Auchinleck in the Laird's Aisle. After six weeks his body was taken up, and thence carried or dragged by a party of dragoons to the place of public execution on a hill near the adjoining village of Cumnock, where it was re-interred "out of contempt." The following is the inscription on his tomb in Cumnock churchyard:—"Here lies Mr. Alexander Peden, Faithful Minister of the Gospel, sometime of Glenluce, who departed this mortal life the 26th of January, 1686, and was raised after six weeks out of the graiof, and buried here out of contempt. *Memento Mori.*"

The people of Cumnock, who had formerly buried in the churchyard round the Church, in the hollow where the village stands, abandoned their ancient burial-place, and formed a new one on the Gallows Hill, enclosing in it Peden's Grave. Within the rails that surround the preacher's tomb lie the remains of the Covenanters, David Dun, and Simon Paterson, who were both shot on the spot where they are buried. Two hawthorn trees grow above the graves.—JOHN VEITCH.

But out of God's aere hate tore him,
Out of the sacred kirkyard,
No rest there for God's own elect,
The place of crime his award.

Through Lugar's deep woods he was borne ;
Birds hushed their carolling,
As onwards the ghastly shudder crept,—
Dead face through the leafy Spring !

They have dragged him on up the brae,
To a hole 'neath the Gallows Tree ;
There to lie and rot in contempt,—
I' the place of shame aye to be !

Yes ! wreak your poor hate on the corpse,
No doubt the work's to your will !
The soul's might is too high for your scope,
Or the martyr spirit to still !

Ye ne'er scrupled to quench a man's life,
Or hack the corpse with the sword,
No more would have spared the dead Christ,
The face of the crucified Lord !

Think you, have you power o'er the man,
Who degrade the mortal form ?

Are ye deaf to a people's murmuring,
That swells to the sweep of a storm ?

Cavaliers, forsooth ! Cavaliers !
Proud in your mindless might !
For order, for law, for the King ?
How stand you there in God's sight ?

Can we hope hearts like yours will e'er learn
That conscience and freedom are things
Which in Union make noblest law,
Whence alone true order springs ?

Think ! no more in the old graveyard
Will any one bury his dead !
They carry them high to the Gallows Hill,
And lay them there at his head !

Love seals with the silence of death,
Whence hate sought to blast his name ;
Hearts are drawn to the Saint lifted up
Christlike in the glory of shame !

Mute Nature e'en yearns o'er the spot
Earth and heaven their offerings bring,
The hawthorn grows green o'er his sod,
It blesses with sweet blossoming.

THE COVENANTER'S LAMENT.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

O WALY waly up the glen,
 And waly waly o'er the moor !
 The land is full of bloody men,
 Who hunt to death the friendless poor !
 We brook the rule of robbers wild ;
 They tear the son from his father's lands,
 They tear the mother from her child,
 They tear the Bible from our hands !

Last night, as I came o'er the moor,
 And stood upon the grey hill-crown,
 I saw the red flames rise wi' power
 Frae the lone house o' Alik Brown.
 The godless grim dragoons were there,
 And Clavers spake, that swearing loon,
 "So burn the nest, so smoke the lair
 Of all that dare to think wi' Brown !"

O blessed Lord, who rul'st in Heaven,
 Who preached Thy gospel to the poor,

How long shall Thy best friends be driven

Like hunted hares from moor to moor ?

Arise, O Lord, Thy saints deliver,

This land from ruthless despots free !

'Neath wintry skies we sit and shiver,

But times of gladness come from Thee.

BOTHWELL BRIG.

JAMES HOGG (*The Ettrick Shepherd.*)

“OH what is become o’ your leal good man,
That now you are a’ your lane ?
If he has join’d wi’ the rebel gang,
You will never see him again ?”

“Oh say nae ‘the rebel gang,’ ladye ;
It’s a term nae heart can thole,
For them wha rebel against their God,
It is justice to control.

“When rank oppression rends the heart,
And rules wi’ stroke o’ death,
Wha wadna spend their dear heart’s blood
For the tenets o’ their faith ?

“Then say nay ‘the rebel gang,’ ladye,
For it gies me muckle pain ;
My John went away with Earlston,
And I’ll never see either again.”

“ Oh wae is my heart for thee, Janet,
Oh sair is my heart for thee !
These Covenant men were ill advised ;
They are fools, you may credit me.”

“ Where’s a’ their boastfu’ preaching now
Against their king and law,
When mony a head in death lies low,
And mony mae maun fa’ ? ”

“ Ay, but death lasts no for aye, ladye,
For the grave maun yield its prey ;
And when we meet on the verge of heaven,
We’ll see wha are fools that day :

“ We’ll see wha looks in their Saviour’s face
With holiest joy and pride,
Whether they who shed His servants’ blood,
Or those who for Him died.

“ I wadna be the highest dame
That ever this country knew,
And take my chance to share the doom
Of that persecuting crew.

“ Then ca’ us na ‘ rebel gang,’ ladye,
Nor take us fools to be,

For there isna ane o' a' that gang
Wad change his state wi' thee."

"Oh, weel may you be, my poor Janet,
May blessings on you combine !
The better you are in either state,
The less shall I repine ;

"But wi' your fightings and your faith,
Your ravings and your rage,
There you have lost a leal helpmate
In the blossom of his age.

"And what's to come o' ye, my poor Janet,
Wi' these twa babies sweet ?
Ye hae naebody now to work for them,
Or bring you a meal o' meat ;

"It is that which makes my heart sae wae,
And gars me, while scarce aware,
Whiles say the things I wadna say
O' them that can err nae mair."

Poor Janet kissed her youngest babe,
And the tears fell on his cheek,
And they fell upon his swaddling bands,
For her heart was like to break.

“ Oh, little do I ken, my dear, dear babes,
What misery's to be mine !
But for the cause we hae espoused,
I will yield my life and thine.

“ Oh, had I a friend, as I hae nane—
For nane dare own me now—
That I might send to Bothwell Brigg,
If the killers wad but allow,

“ To lift the corpse of my brave John ;
I ken where they will him find ;
He wad meet his God's foes face to face,
And he'll hae nae wound behind.”

“ But I went to Bothwell Brigg, Janet—
There was nane durst hinder me—
For I wantit to hear a' I could hear,
And to see what I could see ;

“ And there I found your brave husband,
As viewing the dead my lane,
He was lying in the very foremost rank
In the midst o' a heap o' slain.”

Then Janet held up her hands to heaven,
And she grat, and she tore her hair :

“ O, sweet ladye, O, dear ladye,
Dinna tell me ony mair !

“ There is a hope will linger within,
When earthly hope is vain ;
But, when ane kens the very worst,
It turns the heart to stane ! ”

“ ‘ Oh, wae is my heart, John Carr,’ said I,
‘ That I this sight should see ! ’
But when I said these waefu’ words,
He liftit his een to me :

“ ‘ Oh, art thou there, my kind ladye,
The best o’ this warld’s breed,
And are you ganging your leefu’ lane
Amang the hapless dead ? ’

“ ‘ I hae servant within my ca’, John Carr,
And a chariot in the dell,
And if there is ony hope o’ life,
I will carry you hame mysel’.

“ ‘ O, ladye, there is nae hope o’ life ;
And what were life to me ?
Wad ye save me frae the death of a man,
To hang on a gallows tree ?

“ ‘ I hae nae hame to fly to now,
Nae country and nae kin ;
There is not a door in fair Scotland
Durst open to let me in.

“ ‘ But I hae a loving wife at hame,
And twa babies, dear to me ;
They hae naebody now that dares favour them,
And o’ hunger they a’ maun dee.

“ ‘ Oh, for the sake o’ thy Saviour dear,
Whose mercy thou hopest to share,
Dear ladye, take the sackless things
A wee beneath thy care !

“ ‘ A lang farewell, my kind ladye !
O’er weel I ken thy worth ;
Gae send me a drink o’ the water o’ Clyde,
For my last drink on earth.’ ”

“ ‘ Oh, dinna tell me ony mair, ladye,
For my heart is cauld as clay ;
There is a spear that pierces here
Frae every word ye say.”

“ ‘ He wasna feared to dee, Janet,
For he gloried in his death,

And wished to be laid with those who had bled
For the same endearing faith.

“ There were three wounds in his buirdly breast,
And his limb was broke in twain,
And the sweat ran down wi’ his red heart’s blood,
Wrung out by the deadly pain.

“ I row’d my apron round his head,
For fear my men should tell,
And I hid him in my lord’s castle,
And I nursed him there mysel’.

“ And the best leeches in a’ the land
Have tended him as he lay,
And he never has lacked my helping hand,
By night nor yet by day.

“ I durstna tell you before, Janet,
For I fear’d his life was gane ;
But now he’s sae weel, ye may visit him,
And ye’se meet by yoursel’s alane.”

Then Janet she fell at her lady’s feet,
And she claspit them fervently,
And she steepit them a’ wi’ the tears o’ joy,
Till the good lady wept to see.

“ Oh, ye are an angel sent frae heaven
To lighten calamity !
For, in distress, a friend or foe
Is a' the same to thee.

“ If good deeds count in heaven, ladye,
Eternal bliss to share,
Ye hae done a deed will save your soul,
Tho' ye should never do mair.”

“ Get up, get up, my kind Janet,
But never trow tongue or pen
That a' the world are lost to good
Except the Covenant men.”

Wha wadna hae shared that lady's joy
When watching the wounded hind,
Rather than those of the feast and the dance,
Which her kind heart resigned ?

Wha wadna rather share that lady's fate,
When the stars shall melt away,
Than that of the sternest anchorite
That can naething but graen and pray ?

THE PERSECUTED PEESWEEP; OR,
THE COVENANTER'S CURSE.

THOMAS C. LATTO.

DEAR Peesweep ! with thy neck of green and gold,
Square, quivering wings ; like Highland Chief's thy
crest,

Wheeling and hovering, rarely found at rest—
What slaughters of thy race have cottars' told !
Eyes gently-wild, tho' bright yet never bold,
'Twas thought search'd out the hillmen as they pressed
Of Mother Earth the damp and dangerous breast ;
Not thine the purpose to betray their hold.
Nay ! strong maternal instinct moving thee
To lure them from thy callow brood away ;
In thine anxiety to have them flee
For refuge to some cave that distant lay.
Sorely misjudged—while making matters worse—
Earning for thee the Covenanters' curse.

THE MARTYRS' GRAVES.

MARION PAUL AIRD.

O ! MARTYR-SPRINKLED Scotland,
Thy covenanted dust,
Like gold amid our mountains,
Gleams through tradition's rust.

We bless the hands that tear away
Dark weeds from martyr graves,
And graving o'er Time's mossy urns,
Faith's witness-story saves.

Thy old grey stones are sprinkled with
"Blood poured like water free,"
And speak in holy oracles,
Oh ! martyr-land, to thee.

These altar stones of sacrifice
Incarnate truth hath stored,
Where faith, in love-drawn characters,
Her red libation poured.

Like promise-stars in heaven's eye,
The lyart and the leal
Sleep lonely by the heath-bound tarn,
Where eerie cries the teal.

Their prophet-mantles rolled in blood,
By tribulation riven,
From Scotland's ark drove back the flood
"That chased them up to heaven."

Where Peden bold, in flood and fold,
On mountain, moor, or glen,
All seer-like, bore salvation's cup
To fainting martyr-men ;

When heaven's brooding wing of love,
Like Israel's pillar-cloud,
Them lapped in nature's misty tent,
A prayer-woven shroud.

Their home was oft the mountain cave,
Their couch the waving fern ;
Their pillow oft the grey moss stone,
In moorlands dark and stern.

'Mid bleatings of the mountain lamb,
The melody of rills,

The moss-hag, 'mid the purple blooms
Deep in the heathy hills ;

The old cairn, where the plover wails,
And fern or thistle waves,
'Mid green spots in the wilderness—
There seek the martyrs' graves.

JOHN FRAZER.*

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

JOHN FRAZER was a pious man,
Who dwelt in lone Dalquhairn,
Where huge hills feed the founts of Ken,
'Twixt Sanquhar and Carsphairn.

King Charles, he was a despot fell ;
With harlots and buffoons
He filled his court, and scoured the hills
With troopers and dragoons.

One night in bleak December,
When snow was drifting down,
John Frazer sat by his ingle-side
With his guid wife Marion.

Tramp, tramp !—Who's there ?—'Tis they, O Heaven !
The Devil's own errand loons !

* This ballad of characteristic humour is printed with corrections specially made for this collection by its distinguished author.

They've lifted the latch, and there they stand,
Six striding stark dragoons !

They bound his arms and legs with thongs,
As hard as they were able ;
Then took him where their horses stood,
And locked him in the stable.

Then back to the house they came, and bade
The sorrowful guidwife pour
The stout brown ale—for well they knew
She kept a goodly store.

The guidwife was a prudent dame,
The stout brown ale brought she ;
They filled and quaffed, and quaffed and filled,
And talked with boisterous glee.

And many an ugly oath they swore,
That made the guidwife turn pale ;
But she smoothed her face with a decent grace,
And still she poured the ale.

Then up and spake the first dragoon,
Now mount and grip the reins, boys !
It suits not well that a bold dragoon
Should drink away his brains, boys !

Then up they rose, and, with an oath,
Went reeling to the stable ;
Their steeds bestrode, and off they rode
As fast as they were able.

With lamp in hand the guidwife rose
And to the stable ran,
And looked, and looked, till in a nook
She found her own guidman !

Eftsoons she brought a huge sharp knife,
And cut the thongs in tway ;
“ Now run, guidman, and save thy life !
They’ll be back by break o’ day ! ”

And off he ran, like a practised man—
For oft for his life ran he—
And lurked in the hills, till God cast down
King Charles and his company.

And lived to tell, when over the wave
Went James with his Popish loons ;
How God by stout brown ale did save
His life from the drunk dragoons.

BALLAD OF THE NEW MONKLAND MARTYR.

JANET HAMILTON.

DOCHTER PEGGY sat on the kiln,
 An' watch'd owre her faither's life,
 For he had been at Both'ell brig,
 An' joined in the bluidy strife.

They socht him air, they socht him late,
 Four lang years an' a day,
 But ne'er cou'd fin' the hidin'-place
 Whare John o' the Staun he lay.

Aye she span at her rock o' tow,
 An' twirl'd her spin'le free—
 Aye she leukit owre muir an' moss
 To see what she nicht see.

For faither aft cam' till the hoose,
 An' gat him warm'd an' fed,
 An' fain was he to streek him doun,
 An' rest him in his bed.

Dochter Peggy sat on the kiln,
An', ere she was aware,
Cam' ridin' roun' Pinwinnie wud
Sax black dragoons, an' mair.

"O ! faither, faither, rin for life,"
She cried, an' forth he sprang ;
The black dragoons rode to the door,
An' swords an' bridles rang.

They saw him makin' for the moss—
Wow, but he ran wi' speed.
They fired, an' cut the siller saughs
That tremil't owre his head.

They durstna ride intil the bog
That shoogit aneath their feet ;
He dern'd him in a black moss hag,
For houkin' oot the peat.

Whan mony a day had come an' gane,
An' cam' nae mair dragoons,
An' John had maistly tint the fear
O' the black an' bluidy loons :

"My bairns are wee, my grun' lies lea,
My girnel's toom o' meal,"

Quo' John, "an' I wad yoke the pleugh,
Gif I durst gang a-fiel'."

He gaed a-fiel', he yokit the pleugh—
Wae worth that wearifu' day !
For word has gane to the black dragons
In Embro' whare they lay.

They watched a' nicht in Pinwinnie wud,
An' saw John come a-fiel' ;
Twa o' them slippit oot on fit,
An' ahint his back did steal.

Stark an' strang they grippit his arms,
An' swith the rest cam' on,
Syne trailed they oot frae 'tween the stilts
Oor guid an' godly John.

Dochter Peggy stood on the kiln,
An' turned her roun' an' roun'—
The sicht she saw gaed thro' her heart
Wi' a deep an' deadly stoun.

An' aye she skreighed, an' aye she ran,
Wi' feet a' bluidy an' bare ;
They rave her oot her faither's airms,
An' harled her by the hair.

Mither an' bairns were sleepin' soun',
An' nocht kenned they ava,
Till Peggy stachered on the floor,
An' swarfin' doun did 'fa'.

An', lang ere she cou'd tell her tale,
The faither was aff an' awa';
An' that dear wife an' bairnies wee
He saw nae mair ava.

They lowsed a horse frae oot the pleugh,
An' set him on its back—
Aneath the belly tied his feet,
An' garred the sinnins crack.

They carried him to Embro' toun,
An' pat him in the jail,
An' weel he kenned that he boud dee
Ere lang, withootin' fail.

An' there they set him to be tried
Before the men o' bluid ;
The holy peace that filled his saul
They little unnerstude.

He said he was at Both'ell brig,
An' there he bare a sword,

An' he wad dae the like again
For Christ, his blessed Lord.

They speered at him what was his thocht
O' Sharpe, the bishop's death ?
He said, the killer an' the killed
The Lord sall judge them baith.

They bade him pray for guid King James,
His sovereign lord and king ;
He said it was nae place for prayer,
Or ony sic-like thing.

An' sae they passed the doom o' death
On John ; an' he maun dee,
An' hing afore the aul' tolbooth,
High on the gallows tree.

An' ither twa stude wi' him there,
Their sentence was the same ;
Great was their joy to gi'e their lives
For Christ, His blessed name.

An' whan they were brocht oot to dee,
John first laid down his life,
Commendin' weel his saul to God,
An' eke his bairns an' wife.

In saxteen-aughty-three he died—
John Whitelaw was his name ;
The Monklan' martyr he was ca'd—
The farm o' Staun his hame.

THE MARTYRS' WIDOWS.

ROBERT ALLAN.

SIT down, sit down by your martyrs' grave,
 And I will sit by mine,
 And mourn for your kind and godly man,
 And I will mourn for mine.

It's wae to thee, and it's wae to me,
 For our happy days are gane,
 And we maun sit wi' a tearfu' e'e
 In our bourach ha' alane.

O, Scotland ! Scotland ! it's wae to thee,
 When thy lights are ta'en awa' ;
 And it's wae ! and it's wae to a sinfu' land
 When the righteous sae maun fa'.

It was a holy covenant vow
 We made to heaven to keep,
 And it is a' for our broken covenant vow,
 That we maun sit and weep.

The gerse may be green on yon bonnie hill tap,
And the heather sweetly bloom,
But there nae mair will we sit at e'en,
For our hearts are in the tomb !

The hectic glow is upon my cheek,
And the lily hue on thine,
And sune will ye sleep by your martyr's side,
And sune will I sleep by mine !

MARTYRLAND.

(Extract.)

JOHN STRUTHERS.

Author of "The Poor Man's Sabbath."

How wide the landscape's wondrous stretch,
That eye may scan, that hand may sketch—
From lofty Arran's high peaked brow,
To where Kintyre shuts up the view,
And faintly glimmering through the haze,
Like isles sea-girt, their heads they raise,
Mountains on mountains, towering vast,
Along the sea-indented coast,
From sounding Macrahanish, far
Into the wastes of wild Braemar,
From the soft west, where sweetly smile,
The hills of Cowal and Argyle ;
By Drymen's bare and rugged dells,
And by the Lennox lovely fells ;
By the bleak Shotts, and dimly seen
With Tinto's towering heights between,
The weary Pentlands, sad to see,
Still weeping wounded Liberty,
With shield cut through and banner torn,

Left on them in her blood to mourn,
While her best friends on scaffold bled,
Or in dark dungeons pined and died.
By Carluke, with its fruitful gills,
By Lesmahagow's weeping rills,
In fancy's ear that murmur still
The wrongs of Cameron and Cargill,
And Shields and Renwick, young and good,
The last who nobly shed his blood,
Firm, and consistent to the death,
For Scotland's Covenanted faith.
And, by yon dark and narrow stripe,
The rugged ridge of barren Kype,
To lofty Loudoun, o'er his bog,
Still smiling proudly on Drumclog ;
Where Claverse, in his mad career
Of ruthless murder, learned to fear
A bold though simple peasantry,
Who stood for God and Liberty.
By dark Drumduff, and Hairshaw wide,
And Elrig brown, in bent arrayed,
By watery wastes, extending far,
From Balangeich round green Dunwar ;
Where haunted Croilburn's head streams twine
Through the black bogs of lone Lochgoin,
To where the sea-born breezes roam
O'er Largs, far-famed, and Kilmalcolm.

.

Thee, Bothwell, can I pass, nor yield
A tear to thy ill-fated field,
Where valour came, but wisdom not,
And common prudence was forgot ;
Where fell the banner of the just,
And truth was trampled in the dust,
Yet time has each external trace
Erased of all this foul disgrace,
And, Bothwell, o'er thy peaceful river,
Thy banks bloom green and fair as ever.

There every rock, and stream, and tree,
Has its wild lay of liberty,
Inlaid by law, whose sacred charters,
Embalmed are with the blood of martyrs ;
The savour of whose gracious names
The ardour of our zeal inflames.
Like them, supremely to regard
" The recompense of the reward ; "
The grace that in the present lies,
To be revealed, when sun and skies,
And earth, and sea, one destined day,
Like morning clouds have passed away.

A BALLAD OF THE COVENANT.*

JOHN MACFARLANE.

WHEN the hinmaist whaup had vanished,
 Ghaist-like, frae the lanesome glen,
 And the mirk o' nicht had fauldit
 In its wab the ways o' men ;
 Then to Auchensauch in silence,
 Frae the muirlan' bields aroon,
 Crap, fu' blythe, the huntit Remnant,
 Stern an' leal for Kirk an' Croon.

Licht o' fit, an' braid an' buirdly,
 Cam' the sacred tryst to seek,
 Age, wi' lyart haffets, tellin'
 O' a life sae bare an' bleak ;
 Cam' to seal the chart o' freedom,
 Wi' their blude it micht hae been,
 Owre the blooms o' wavin' heather,
 'Mang the breckan dells sae green.

* Auchensauch, referred to in these verses, is a lonely hill in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, where at a night-gathering on one occasion the Solemn League and Covenant was signed by the Covenanters of the district.

Ne'er a soun' to breck the stillness,
Nocht the cark o' wae to tell,
But belyve the weest burnie
Sabbin' sairly to its sel'—
Sabbin' o' the scaith o' Scotlan',
And her heavy dree o' wrang,
Bendin' laich her pride o' manhood,
Jaggin' like an ethert's stang.

Croonin' sweetly o' the martyrs,
Hamert, plaid, an' bannet blue ;
Ane by ane they wandered heicher
On the lanely mountain's broo.
Scene sac solemn an' sae stately,
In the e'enin' dusk an' grey,
Spak' o' mair than a' the pageants
O' the gowden-lichtit day.—

Spak' o' mair than a' the battles
That a conqueror may boast,
Warld's gear an' knightly honour,
Rank in mist o' ages lost ;
Spak' the wife an' bairnie grievin',
Blichted hame an' puirtith's blast,
Whispered o' a "balm in Gilead,"
And a diadem at last.

Saftly 'neath the banner floated
Liltin's o' the e'enin' psalm,
Mournfu' wi' the sough o' sorrow,
In the bonny lown sae calm ;
An' the weary cry o' anguish
Crap athort the faulds o' nicht,
Syne the heavens abune seemed open'd,
Syne the darkness filled wi' licht.

.

Leal their faith in Him they trusted,
Bauldly frae the buchted glen,
In the stillness o' the gloamin',
Gathered still the muirlan' men ;
Signed the Solemn League an' Covenant,
Wi' their blude it micht hae been,
'Mang the blooms o' wavin' heather,
And the breckan dells sae green.

THE SIGNING OF THE "SOLEMN LEAGUE
AND COVENANT" ON A FLAT TOMB-
STONE IN GREYFRIARS' CHURCHYARD,
EDINBURGH.

THOMAS C. LATTO.

IMAGINATION sees the parchment white,
While crowds of patriots, brave, but silent, flock,
Despite of courtiers' taunt and royal mock,
On its thrice-noble page their names to write.
There signed Mac Callumore, the great Argyll,
And there, Montrose,* so soon to be his foe—
The peaceful plume changed for the sword of woe.
There, Hugh MacKail, with his sweet boyish smile!
Oh! God, that such atrocities should be,
For such adversity Thy dear ones born;
That those who only sought to worship Thee
In truth, should limb from limb be hacked and torn:
Old tomb-stone, mute, and making no reply,
I gaze upon thee with a watery eye.

* Montrose, it is said, always denied that he signed the *second* "Solemn League and Covenant."

THE COVENANTER'S CLOVER.

ANNA KNOX.

ARE these indeed the stains of blood,
The blood of our forefathers,
Around whose memory the love
Of all broad Scotland gathers ?

Did the green leaves drink in some drops,
When shot down, bleeding, dying,
The Covenanter's life flowed out
Upon the clover lying ?

Mere fancy, say you ? Be it so.
The dear name sets me thinking
Of a dark period when this land
A bitter cup was drinking.

When Scotland's bravest would not yield
To will and rule unholy,
And faced the bullet, sword, and rope,
Of tyranny and folly.

Stern were they ? Yes, the times were stern,
The heel of persecution
Was crushed down on their holiest rights
With sternest resolution.

Who can their wrongs recall unmoved,
Or wond'ring admiration
Withhold from patience so sublime ?
Such faith ! such resignation !

Harried and hunted, tortured, slain,
Rebels and traitors branded ;
Their holy lives, their saintly deaths,
Their righteous cause commended.

From caves (alas, poor sleeping rooms !)
Lone hills and moorland dreary,
(Cold, cheerless habitations for
Heads shelterless and weary).

From plundered homes, from distant shores,
Whence banished ones look yearning ;
From dens and dungeons where they lay,
The task of "waiting" learning.

From drowning waves, 'neath gibbet grim,
For Zion prayer ascended ;

Nor sought they vengeance on their foes,
But grace to them extended.

The solitudes they walked among,
Their wandering footsteps hallowed ;
The mention of their names shall aye
With honour due be followed.

The seed they sowed for long has borne
The fruit of peace and gladness ;
And we with wonderment look back
On their oppressors' madness.

And so these leaves, reminders dear,
With reverent lips I cover,
And place within the sacred page
The Covenanter's Clover.

LAMENT OF THE COVENANTER'S WIDOW.

BARONESS NAIRNE.

O WEET and weary is the nicht,
 Wi' soughin' win' and rain, O ;
 An' he that was sae true to me,
 Is on the hillside slain, O !

O that the hand that did the deed,
 Had lain me where he's lyin',
 The green turf owre my peacefu' head,
 The nicht winds roun' me sighin'.

But I maun hear an' I maun grieve,
 An' I maun thole the morrow ;
 This heart's no made o' flesh and bluid,
 It winna break with sorrow.

What's a' this gaudy warld to me ?
 I canna bide the glare o't ;
 O gin it were [the High Degree,
 That I micht see nae mair o't.

For he had ta'en the Covenant
 For Scotland's sake to dee, O,
 Death to him was gain, we ken,
 But, oh'! the loss to me, O !

THE COVENANTERS.

GEORGE PAULINE.

CAN Scotland's son, who uncontrolled, may climb the
 heathery steep,
 Gaze scornfully where guards the cairn her martyrs'
 blood-bought sleep,
 And say, "A fanatic lies here;" and with a pitying
 smile,
 Descant on mad enthusiasts—the ignorant, the vile?

Enthusiasts!—by the freeman's step, that treads on
 Scottish strand;
 By the pure faith that sanctifies the altars of the land;
 By hymns of praise, at morn and eve, unawed by fear
 or shame,
 Poured from our peaceful hamlet homes—still honoured
 be the name!

If on the plains where Wallace fought, the patriot's
 bosom swell,
 And the bold Switzer drops a tear upon the grave of
 Tell,

Shall Scotland with irreverent eye, behold the wild
flowers wave

Above the mound, once stained with blood, her covenant
heroes' grave ?

They sleep where, in a darker day, by dreary moss and
fen,

Their blood bedewed the wild heath-flower in many a
Scottish glen ;

When forced to flee their humble homes, for Scotland's
Covenant Lord,

They grasped, to save their holiest rights, the Bible and
the sword.

They rest in peace—the enthusiasts!—who reluctant
flung

To earth the proffered gold, and scorned the lure of
courtly tongue.

They rest in peace, who knew no rest when with loud
curses driven,

And hunted 'mid the wintry fells, and reft of all but
heaven.

Enthusiasts!—would the proudly wise, who flings his
scorn and sneer

On graves and names long hallowed by the patriot's
love and tear—

Would he, when gleams in mount and vale the persecutor's brand,
To quench with blood the altar-fires of his own fatherland—

When all around are fainting hearts and falsehood's hollow smile,
The bloody foe, the traitorous friend, fierce war, and covert guile,
No hope on earth, unless he quit the banner of his God,
And crouch a slave upon the land where his free fathers trod—

Would he renounce all earth-born joys, and choose his wintry bed
On howling heath, with darkness round, and tempest o'er his head ;
And trusting in no arm of flesh, undaunted face the fires,
The axe, the torture, and the sword LIKE SCOTLAND'S COVENANT SIRE ?

THE MOUNTAIN SANCTUARY.

DAVID VEDDER.

BLEAK was the winter Sabbath morn, and dreary was
the sky,
When the persecuted left their caves to worship the
Most High ;
An unfrequented mountain gorge received the tremb-
ling flock,
Their canopy was mist and clouds—their altar was the
rock.

The eagle o'er their sanctuary majestically soared,
And screamed discordant, while the crowd most re-
verently adored ;
The chilling wind moaned fitfully through groves of
stunted pine,
And the torrents rushed and thundered through the
desolate ravine.

And from that lonely rugged spot ascended, rich and
rare,
The incense of the contrite heart—the sacrifice of
prayer ;

And angels from the heights of heaven did look com-
placent down

On the honoured heads that soon should wear the
martyr's glorious crown.

And grey-haired sires forgot their griefs, and all their
wrongs forgave,

When they heard of Him whose power burst the
barriers of the grave ;

And widows, poor and desolate, and homeless orphans,
prayed

For pardon from the throne on high on their oppres-
sor's head.

And matrons, haggard, pale and wan, with babes upon
the breast,

Expelled from husband, hearth, and home, gaunt,
destitute, oppressed,

Exulted in their sufferings, nay, smiled at torture—
death,

And gazed on the Sun of Righteousness with the eagle
eye of faith.

And woe-worn groups in manhood's prime, by tyranny
harassed,

Whose tattered garments, matted hair, streamed on the
wintry blast,

Attuned their voices solemnly to an high and holy
theme,
And the strains of Zion blended with the roaring of the
stream.

The ruthless conqueror may climb the slippery steep of
fame,
And venal pens corroding brass immortalize his name;—
Who brave the tyrant when he bares dread persecution's
sword,
Unfading wreaths, celestial palms, and crowns are their
reward !

THE BANNER OF THE COVENANT.

(Kept by *Mr. Hugh M'Geackan, Cumnock.*)

REV. JAMES MURRAY.

I.

IN a quiet old-fashioned lane,
 Running zig-zag, here and there,
 In his cottage neat and plain,
 In his ample elbow-chair,
 In his honest crusty manner,
 Sits the keeper of the banner.

II.

Bring the ancient relic forth !—
 Precious 'tis, though old and tattered,
 It has waved o'er men of worth,
 When around it death was scattered :
 It has glanced through moss and fen
 Guarded by the Covenant men !

III.

Spread it out with tender care ;
 Slowly smooth its crumbled creases ;

Use it gently, softly—there !

We've arranged its fragile pieces,
And its legend fitly scanned,
“ *For our God and Fatherland !* ”

IV.

Hearts have throbbed with hopes and fears,
When the rustling breeze thee fluttered ;
Loving looks bedimmed with tears,
Long-drawn sighs and blessings muttered—
All have greeted thee of old,
On occasions manifold !

V.

When a tyrant ruled the land,
And our sires in deserts wandered ;
When a sore afflicted band,
In despair unfurled the standard,
In the desperate fight and sally
Thou didst lure the faint to rally.

VI.

Old and tattered as thou art ;
Little heeded, little known,
Thou didst play a valiant part
In the struggle long bygone ;
And our boasted liberty,
Partly purchased was by thee.”

VII.

Far be days with passion rife,
Wherein blood and gold are squandered ;
May'st thou ne'er in civil strife,
Gleam again, time-honoured standard !
But, with peaceful fingers prest,
'Mid thy cob-webs lie at rest !

VIII.

Lie at rest ; but should our soil
Menaced be with profanation,
Let the doughty sons of toil,
Worthy of their sires and station—
Worthy all of freemen's glory,
Rally 'round their standard hoary !

IX.

Lie at rest ; but yet when times—
Peaceful times of joyous greeting, .
Wake the happy village chimes—
Rich and poor together meeting—
Let our brave old flag's display
Cheer the fleeting holiday !

THE BLACK SATURDAY.*

4th August, 1621.

REV. JAMES MURRAY.

“THERE’S a mirk clud on the sun, guidman,
 An’ a het gloff frae the gress ;
 An’ the kye stan’ thowless on the croft
 Wi’ a look o’ sair distress.

“An’ the sheep, a’ gathered in knots, guidman,
 Are courin’ upo’ the hill ;
 At the mid-day hour it is gloamin’ grown—
 I fear it forebodes some ill !”

“O, I downa tent sic gear, guidwife,
 Tho’ it e’en suld bring me blame ;
 A’ day I sit at the chimla cheek,
 But my thochts are far frae hame.”

(* This powerful ballad is here printed with an additional verse and verbal alterations made by the author in a copy of “Songs of the Covenant Times,” which he presented to the Rev. Dr. Charles Rogers, editor of “The Scottish Minstrel.”)

“There’s a red gaw in the north, guidman,
Like a furnace seven times het ;
In mirk aneth an’ in mirk aboon,
The lift an’ the heights are met.

“I canna see where the lift begins,
Or where the hill-taps en’ ;
An’ mirk, an’ mirker still it grows—
May heaven a’ skaith forefen’ !”

“O, haud thy peace, my auld guidwife,
Though my een be blear’t an’ dim,
I can feel it mirk when it licht suld be,
An’ I put my trust in HIM.

“An’ though our shielin’ be derk and dowf,
Yet ULAR’S stream rins clear ;
An’ there sall we gather the gowden fruit,
Through a’ the lightsome year !”

“O, heard ye that fearsome crash, guidman,
Or saw ye yon flash sae bricht ?
As the lift had crack’t, an’ the sun fa’en thro’
An’ the sea had quenched his licht !

“Oor son is upo’ the hill, guidman,
Oor daughter is teddin’ hay ;

An', meikle I fear that ane or baith
Come to skaith this awsome day !”

“ O, dinna be fley't, my auld guidwife,
That, outhar we're gaun to tyne—
Though wrath be sair on land and sea,
It's nouthar 'gainst yours nor mine.

“ An' I dred it wad be a day o' dool
For the trespass o' the land ;
'Tis vengeance that cleedeth the lift wi' mirk,
An' bareth its red richt hand.

“ For a godless, graceless band are met,
This day in Edinbruch toun ;
An' a' to set up the thing we hate,
An' to pu' the guid cause down.”

“ O, hear ye the thick spate fa', guidman,
An' the hailstones dirl the pane ?—
Ye're welcome, bairns ; heaven be praised,
We see you in life again !”

“ O, faither, is this the day o' doom,
When the dead an' the quick sall meet ?—
A fire-clud sits on the heigh hill-tap,
An' hisses 'mid hail and sleet.

“The muirfowl coured 'neath the heather-cow,
By the side o' the corbie-craw ;
An' they feared na him, an' he feared na me,
An' ae dread possest us a' !

“An' the fire hung red frae my bonnet-rim,
An' flichtered amang my hair ;
An' I thocht to mysel', as a prayer I said,
We sall meet on yirth nae mair.

“An' burns ran wild an' roarin' rude,
Where burns ne'er used to be ;
An' hadna a kin' God led my steps,
Ye never had looked on me !”

“An', mither, when up in the spretty cleuch,
A-kylin' the winter hay,
The mirkness fell doun sae thick, I thocht
I'd tint my sicht for aye.

“An' a lavrock that sang i' the lift at morn,
Cam' sklentint' doun wi' the rain,
An' I've keepit the wee thing in my breast
To shelter its heart frae pain !”

“'Tis a day o' wrath an' strife, my bairns,
A day o' storm an' mirk ;

For the king's black bands o' prelacy
Are conspirin' against the kirk."

"O, sit ye doun, my bairns baith,
The thunder is wearin' caulm ;
An' Willie sall read the blessed Buik,
An' Mary sall sing the psaulm.

"An' we'll a' kneel doun by oor ain hearth-stane,
An' your faither in faith sall pray,
That the God o' Grace may defend the richt,
An' change to joy oor wae !"

JOHN BROWN OF PRIESTHILL'S WIFE.

JEANIE MORISON.

THEY shot him at his cottage door,
An' his wife was standin' near,
But never a word of grief said she,
Nor dimmed her e'e a tear.

They tied his hands ahint his back,
An' bound his bonny e'en,
But her face was white, an' still, an' could
As a dead face it had been.

The heath, a' purple i' the sun,
Shone redder where he lay,
When they had warked their wicked will,
An' turned to ride away.

"An' what think ye o' your guidman noo,
Guidwife?" quoth Clavers rude;—
A flash cam' i' the tearless e'e—
To the white cheek the bluid.

She walked wi' steady step an' prood,
To whare her guidman lay,
She laid on her lap the shattered head,
An' she wiped the bluid away.

"Aye thocht I muckle o' my guidman
An' far mair think I noo ;
He's died for the Lord that died for him—
God forgi'e them that slew."

"'Twere nocht but just," quoth Clavers cruel,
"Gin ye lay by his side ?"
"Ay, wark your will," she answered him,
"Was never gladder bride."

She sat there still as the gloamin' fell,
An' they turned an' rode away,
Still, when the heath grew dusk in nicht,
On her knees the dead head lay.

But when the first star glimmered oot
I' the welkin quiet an' blue,
Ae lang look took she o' the e'en
She lo'ed, sae sightless noo.

An' syne she shut the e'elids white,
An' kamed the clotted hair,

An' rowed him in his shepherd's plaid
Wi's life-bluid reddened sair.

She laid him on the purple heath,
Gently as babe that slept ;
Nae word said she till a' was dune—
Syne sat her doun an' wept.

BOTHWELL BRIG.

ALEX. G. MURDOCH.

O THE sun shines bricht on bonnie Bothwellhaugh,
 An' the birds chant the green woods amang ;
 But the men o' the Covenant are scattered an' awa',
 Whase Bible-worship was their only wrang.
 The glens an' the valleys shall echo never mair
 The hoarse trooper's shout an' battle clang,
 For silent noo for aye is the hillman's prayer,
 An' the voices that gaed up to God in sang.

Down chasms deep an' dread, by mighty thunder split,
 Whare roars the everlastin' mountain flood,
 On the forehead o' the rocks their deathless names are
 writ,
 In characters o' fire an' o' bluid.
 An' high amang the clouds, on the taps o' the hills,
 Where the snaws an' win's o' winter rudely drave,
 A refuge they sought frae a tyranny o' ills,
 An' fand there a heaven an' a grave.

Though the airm o' the Lord is slow to rise in wrath,
 Yet vengeance, He says, will I keep ;

An' wae betide the hands that put the Saints to death
On Bothwellhaugh an' Aird's Moss wha sleep.
O purple ran the heath on Bothwell's bluidy day,
An' lang, lang gleamed red in rain an' sun ;
But the earth an' the skies, frae Clyde bank to brae,
Sall witness to the slaughter that day done.

THE CRY OF THE HILLMEN.

ROBERT REID.

GOD o' the Hameless, shield Thy bairns !

Loutt laich frae oot Thy halie hauld,

An' i' the bield o' Thy wicht airms

This remnant o' Thy flock enfauld ;

Else ane by ane we'll dwine awa'

Like lilt o' sang-birds frae the hill,

When e'enin' mirk begins to fa',

An' gleds an' hoolits wark their will.

For never did the lintie's heid

Clap closer to the bein hillside,

While owre her swept that form o' dreid,

Than God's ain folk are fain to hide ;

A' day we shun the licht ; at e'en

We seek the dusht an' darksome glen,

Weel if the midnight's murky screen

But hap us frae oor fellow men !

Here, stowlins, amang craigs an' howes,

In cauld an' weet, we're forced to bide ;

Oor only feres the tods an' yowes

That raik along the mountain side ;

The wild bird's wheeple frae the lift,

The only leevin' voice we hear,

Save when in some lane glen we lift
Oor ain to Thee in dule an' fear.

Nocht ken we o' the joys o' life,
The ingle-neuk, the heartsome ha',
Oor bonnie bairns an' blythe guidwife,
For Thy sake, Lord ! we've tint them a' ;
Yet wad we coont oor losses, gains,
Gin Thou in mids' o' us wad be
To ease us o' the skaith an' pains
That we maun for oor Covenant dree.

It's oh, that we nicht bauldly stan'
In Christ's ain kirk amang oor kin,
Thy halie Book in ilka han',
Thy praise ilk gledsome saul within ;
For this oor Covenant we mak',
For this we thole, for this we dee ;
Oor han's are on the pleugh, an' back
Ae wistfu' glance we maunna gi'e.

Hoo lang, oh Lord ! wilt thou abide
In Thy heich-hadden without sign,
While ravenin' wolves on ilka side
Herry and rive this fauld o' Thine ?
The bluid o' mony a martyred saint
Cries to Thee frae the muirlan' sod ;
Oh, loutt an' listen to oor plaint,
Bare Thy wicht airm an' bield us, God !

THE MIDNIGHT REVEL OF MUGDOCK.

HUGH MACDONALD.

(*Author of "Rambles Round Glasgow."*).

WHAT means yon licht in Mugdock tower,
 Whilk winnock an' loophole sma'
 Lets oot in gowden shafts that fret
 Mirk midnight's raven wa' ?

What mean these voices of wassail rude,
 On the dark wind's gusty wing ?
 An' why sweeps the frichted howlet forth,
 As the lood, lood laughters ring ?

The baukiebird's flickerin' hither and yont
 Roun' the trumlin' castle wa',
 An' the ghost-moth jinks owre the lichtit pane,
 Wi' mony a rise and fa',

As gin the wee creatures o' glimmer and gloom
 Made blythe in the demon din,
 That rings in the hush o' the ebon hours,
 To the lowin' stars aboon.

Then tell me, thou carle of the lyart-locks,
What meaneth this midnight glee ?
Has a bairn been born, a bride been won,
Or a fae been forced to flee ?

Nae howdie, quoth the carle, to the auld keep has gane,
Nae sweet winsome bride been won :
Nae wreath o' the laurel the Lennox chief can share
For deeds that his guid sword has done.

But the tyrants o' Scotland are guests here the nicht,
At the hearth o' the stern Montrose ;
An' the bluid-red wine is rowin' fast,
'Mang the Covenant's deidliest foes.

The grim Yerl o' Rothes in his ermine is there,
Wi' Middleton, the fause an' the fell,
An' wan Claverhouse, wi' his mim leddie face,
An' his snake-like e'e o' hell.

Steepit in the gore o' the guid an' the true,
The airn-sauled Dalzell is there ;
An' Bruce o' the Earlsha', wha aft makes a jest
O' the widow and the orphan's prayer.

Ay, the curses o' puir Scotland are a' here the nicht,
Fell tools o' a fause, fause king ;

That adderlin' wha warmed in his ain kintra's brierst,
Returns for its fealty a sting.

Sae the red cups o' gowd in the warm bleezin' ha'
Are circlin' richt fast and free,
As the ill-deedy knaves droon the still sma' voice
In lood rantin' din an' in glee.

But the black ban, I trow, o' the sair-crushed Cargill
Clings cauld as the lead round ilk heart ;
Nor jestin', nor sang, nor the rich gushin' wine,
Gars the chill gruesome wecht e'er depart.

I've heard, in my day, the weary wail o' dule,
When the red luiks o' love grew caul',
But the lood, lood leugh is a far sadder soun'
That is rung from a wae-weirdit saul.

The hooting o' the owl at the siller glowrin' mune,
Or the wraith-bodin' tyke at e'en,
I'd rather bide to hear 'mang the shiverin's o' the wud,
Than the persecutor's mirth, I ween.

Then hie thee awa' through the mirk shades o' nicht,
Nor seek thou the banquet to share
That's laid for the bluid-hounds o' base-heartit power,
'Neath the roof-tree o' Mugdock the fair.

Oh ! rather lay thy heid in the puir man's beild,
An' be thankfu' whate'er may betide,
Than hanker for the wine-cups in yon ha' o' sin,
Whare the malisons o' Heaven maun abide !

HALLOWED GROUND.

(Extract.)

GEORGE PAULIN.

AULD Scotia ! gleaming o'er Thy hallowed sod,
 And up thy Highland heights amid the heather,
 Fanes where Thy Sabbath-honouring children gather
 To pay their vows to Scotia's covenant God.
 They pour the reverence of the simple heart
 In solemn melody and humble prayer,
 And with their dearest blood would sooner part
 Than see the altar-spoiler enter there !
 And Scotia's emigrant, when far away
 Amid the forest stillness of the West,
 Oft from the banks of Tweed or Highland Tay,
 Lists the loved tones steal o'er the ocean's breast !
 They lead him back to childhood's happy home—
 The village church beside the old yew-tree,
 The silent Sabbath, when he loved to roam
 In fields, to hear the hum of heather bee
 Float in the hallowed air from brake and flowery lea ;
 They lead him back to where, in days of yore,
 The austere sires of Scotland's freedom stood

Banded to save the Bibles which they bore,
Their heritage of hope, from men of blood.
The trembling boy—the parent grey with years
And bent with toil—the widow poor and old,
Driven houseless forth by persecuting spears,
To shiver on the bleak and wintry wold.
Their blood hath nursed a tree that will not die—
That braved the blast, and still the blast shall brave,
And Scotland will not own the ungenerous eye
That beams not proudly o'er her martyr's grave.

THE COVENANT BANNER.

AN AYRSHIRE ELDER.

BLOW softly, ye breezes, by mountain and moor,
 O'er the graves of the Covenant men,
 By the muirland and flood that were red with their
 blood,
 Can ye waft the old watchwords again ?

"For Scotland and Christ" the breezes of old
 O'er the wilds of the Westland bore,
 From the Lugar and Nith to the Lothian Frith,
 And the German Ocean's shore.

And where'er they blew, a prayer was breathed
 And a holy psalm was sung,
 And hands were clasped and the banner grasped
 When the Covenant watchword rung.

O, for the brave true hearts of old,
 That bled when the banner perished !
 O, for the Faith that was strong in death—
 The Faith that our fathers cherished !

The banner might fall, but the spirit lived,
And liveth for evermore,
And Scotland claims as her noblest names
The Covenant Men of Yore.

THE COVENANTER'S WIDOW.

WILLIAM CROSS.

Author of "The Disruption—A Tale."

O JUNE ! thy rose is blawin' fair,
 Thy balmy breath is sweet ;
 But at thy name my heart is sair,
 An' like a bairn I greet.

Thy sunny days are noo to me
 The darkest o' the year ;
 There is nae charm in aucht I see,
 Nae joy in aucht I hear.

In June the faithfu' o' the lan'
 Amang the muirs made heid,
 The Kirk's oppressors to withstan',
 The vineyard true to weed.

Then prelatists an' men o' sin
 Waxed fierce an' violent ;
 An' the lan' was vexed like Egypt, when
 Her sairest plagues were sent.

In rage they gatheréd their ban's,
An' set them in array ;
In bluid o' saints they dyed their han's,
E'en on the Sabbath day.

Monmouth, Deyell, an' Claver'se led
The persecutin' host ;
" Wi' Whigs we'll feed the hungry gled,"
Was their unhallowed boast.

The Shepherd wi' His flock was wroth
That day of fiery trial ;
For indulgence black and sinfu' oath
He poured a bluidy vial.

My ain guidman had seen wi' grief
The oppressor wax in micht,
An' base malignants steek their een
Against the clearest licht.

An' puir folk harried o' their a',
An' hearths made desolate ;
An' young an' auld in frost an' snaw,
Turned hameless to the gate.

An' to their ain kailyards the just
Brought oot like sheep, an' slain ;

An' the Covenant, oor stay an' trust,
Denied ance an' again.

A' this wi' mickle grief he saw,
An' for direction prayed ;
Till clear to him the righteous law
O' bluid for bluid was made.

His wee things ane by ane he kissed,
An' kirstened them wi' tears ;
An' me he to his bosom pressed,
An' strove to calm my fears.

An' "Fareweel, bonnie Gowantoun,
Fareweel, my hame !" cried he ;
"When I come back nae priestly loon
Shall domineer owre thee."

His mark is in oor Bible yet,
At precious words o' grace ;
It's like a tryst atween us set,
An' heaven the meetin'-place.

He left the corn-rigs sproutin' green,
An' bonnie as could be,
But a trooper's horse gaed there at e'en,
An' foddered daintily.

That mornin' wi' some neighbour men
He marched to Boddell Brig,
Afore wi' daylight ane nicht ken
The furrow frae the rig.

The stalwart smith, auld Anakson,
An elder though he was,
That Sabbath, wi' his kirk claes on,
Stood foremost for the cause.

Oor honest neighbour, dyker Ross,
Instead o' spear or sword,
His flauchter spade brought frae the moss
To smite the alien horde.

The weaver chiel that wroucht oor harn,
Behoved to play the man,
An' wi' a hay-fork frae the barn,
Fast to the gatherin' ran.

Belyve in licht the laverock sang,
An' clear the mornin' broke,
An' the road to Boddell Muir was thrang
Wi' stern-set westlan' folk.

The Clyde cam' wanderin' frae the braes,
Blue as the lift abune ;

But nae carlin' there wad synde her claes
Whan day was haflins dune.

The water by twal hours wi' bluid
Ran grumly bye my door,
For oor mailin' is but craw-flicht guid
Be-west o' Boddell Muir.

I climbed a brae abune the stour,
An' to the East could see
A cloud, as frae a burnin' muir,
Risin' continually,

Like the cracklin' hiss o' burnin' whins,
Afar aff I could hear ;
Oh ! it was the dreadfu' noise o' guns
That aye cam' on my ear.

While there, in tremblin' fear I stood,
It's my ears that ring, thought I ;
But the soun' grew lood, and aye mair lood,
Till the startled hare ran by.

My bairns were wi' me, daffin' roun'
Amang the flowery grass ;
Oh ! little did they ken hoo soon
They would be fatherless.

I watched until I saw at han'
Swords glancin' in the air,
An' far an' near a scattered ban'
By horsemen hunted sair.

An' on they ran, an' on they rade,
Through smoke an' dust an' din,
But I saw nae mair, for Clydesdale braid
About me seemed to spin.

When frae a swoon I cam' again
To fearsome consciousness,
The tears fell frae my een like rain,
An' sair was my distress.

My bonnie bairns aroun' me lay,
They had grat themselves to sleep ;
An' the tumult o' the deidly fray
Was hushed in silence deep.

Distractedly I soucht my hame,
Nae langer hame to me ;
For there had the destroyer Grahame
Sent his cruel soldiery.

Sent them pursuin' my guidman,
My ain leal Reuben Blair ;

When, like a stricken deer, he ran
Wounded to seek his lair.

At the march burn he had turned on them,
When the bluidhounds pressed him sair ;
An' sae at e'en when I cam' hame,
In daith I fand him there.

O dear, dear martyred husband ! thou
Wert o' my life the life ;
If in heaven a mourner's knee may bow,
Pray for thy widowed wife.

Pray that oor puir wee helpless flock
Provided for may be,
An' led by grace to shun the rock
O' sinfu' prelacy.

Lang eerie nichts o' broken rest,
An' days o' miserie ;
An' a body, feckless at the best,
Are appointed unto me.

For the pantin' hart there is a pool,
A rest for weary care ;
A balm in Gilead for dool,
An' a physician there.

COVENANT MEMORIES.

[Written during a visit to various spots sacred to the memory of the martyred Heroes of the Covenant.]

ROBERT HOGG.

OH, heath-clad hills o' Scotlan', aft i' the gloamin' calm,
On ye the prayin' hill-men oot-poured the fragrant
psalm ;

On ye they stood thegither
An' feckfow faced the fae,
Till thrammlet sair throughther
Deid bodies thranged the brae.

Ye dusky glens o' Scotlan' for beauty bear the gree,
Aiblins your gleam an' glamour were wastit wared on
me,

Were ye no' consecrated
By fit o' Covenant men,
Whan frae the fae ill-fated
They socht your mirkest den.

Oh, martyr-graves o' Scotlan' on muir an' mountainside,
While bendin' owre your sacred dust oor bosoms heeze
wi' pride ;

We think on those lang sleepin'
Aneath your moss-grown stanes,
An' joy their bluid is leapin'
E'en yet in freemen's veins.

Oh, martyr-sons o' Scotlan' a wearie weird ye dree'd
Whan His mirk Clud o' Witness did thro' the valley
lead ;

An' till oor mountains perish,
Till sets for aye yon sun,
As oor herts' bluid we'll cherish
The heritage ye won.

HACKSTON OF RATHILLET.

1680.

HENRY INGLIS OF TORSONCE.

I.

THERE'S a sorry jade at the Water-Gate, with a halter
 rope of straw,
 And ribs of age and hunger, and withers lean and raw.
 Do they lead her to the shambles? No; the hang-
 man's at her head,
 And the warders of the city in their gaberdines of red,
 And the Provost in his scarlet, and the Magistrates, are
 there.

Why do the axe and lictors wait
 Beneath the gloomy Water-Gate,
 Round the old moonstruck mare?

II.

From the Southland, through the city, by many a
 devious road,
 A bondsman of the Council drives a bound and bleeding
 load;
 Doth he fetch it from the shambles? Yes; the
 shambles of the West,

Where grim Dalzell provides the feast, and Satan is the
guest,

Where Cameron of the Covenant stood and prayed the
battle-prayer ;

Then with his brother side by side

Took up the Cross of Christ, and died

Upon the Moss of Ayr.

III.

There's a sough of women wailing, and a surge of
savage men,

Each Highland axe is planted fast, and faster fixed
again ;

But what avail the ashen shaft and temper of the spear,
When every cheek is flushed with shame or blanched
with sudden fear ?

Of all the Council myrmidons, save the wretch that
kills for hire,

There is not one so blind and rude

As not to deem the multitude

All-righteous in its ire.

IV.

The cart comes rolling onwards, a ghastly gory bier,
Dragoons upon the vanguard, on the flanks, and in the
rear—

Dragoons that fought at Pentland, at Drumclog, and
Bothwell Brig,
Whose article of faith is "Death to the Covenanting
Whig!"
Their naked sabres, from the blood of martyrs scarcely
dry,
Are dealt at random in the crowd,
'Midst deepest curse or anguish loud,
Or hapless woman's cry.

V.

Scant and haughty is the greeting 'twixt the city and
the sword,
Scant and haughty as the greeting 'twixt a vassal and
his lord.
"A cart-load of the Covenant from the West," the
soldier said;
"Receive into your keeping here the living and the
dead."
Men and horses faced about him at the word of stern
command,
Then fiercely through the seething swarm,
As if the town were ta'en by storm,
Rode down the narrow strand.

VI.

Now, quick ! unload the waggon—do the Council's high
behest ;
There are three that are to march afoot all manacled
abreast,
There's one that's to be mounted, and entreated well be
sure,
'Tis Hackston of Rathillet, who stood by at Magus Muir.
There's the gory head of Cameron brought from off the
battle-field,
Fix it deftly on a halbert head,
And let the hangman proudly tread
With such a lance to wield.

VII.

Let the march of death be marshalled ; but first yon
dotard bring,
Who gazeth with a troubled gaze as on some fearful
thing.
“Old dotard ! dost thou know the head that grins on
yonder spear ?—
Let the halbert point be lowered that he see the visage
clear.”
“I know him ! oh, I know him ! It is my own dear son !
God of my faith, Thou canst not wrong
Aught that to me or mine belong—
Thy holy will be done !”

VIII.

They bound Rathillet backwards on the lean and dying
mare ;

The hangman wore his bonnet, but Rathillet's head was
bare ;—

The ghastly face of Cameron, from its pedestal on high,
Glared in the sunlight on the crowd, with glazed lack-
lustre eye ;

Behind, the leash of captives in blood-stained fetters
come ;

And symbol of their fallen state,

And of their dark impending fate—

Up through the steepy Canongate

Resounds the felon's drum.

IX.

Yet it seemed as if some hero-corse brought homeward
from afar,

Enbalmed in glory's shroud, and borne on Fame's
funereal car

Emblazoned with heraldic scroll and pomp of nodding
plume,

Were passing through a nation's tears to sleep in
sculptured tomb ;—

For there was silence in the street, or murmurs such as
fill

The waking ear with stifled sound

Of anguish from the deeps profound,

When multitudes are still.

X.

Brave soldier of the Covenant ! true heart—be of good
cheer—

The goal that thou hast toiled to win so painfully is near ;
The Cross that thou hast borne so long, God wills thee
to lay down,

And angels wait at Heaven's high gate, thy martyrdom
to crown ;—

What recks it that the battle close by yonder gallows-
tree ?

The scaffold with its visage grim

Affrights the vile, but cannot dim

The lustre of the free.

XI.

The gallows-tree grew at the Cross—they halted at the
stair ;

And step by step some wretched men the bleeding
burden bear ;

But life was in the mangled form, and reason in the
brain,

And a hero heart that spurned the dart and scorned the
sting of pain—

Defied the rack to shake his faith, or from his lips to
wring

One doubt to dim the holy cause,

One word to own the tyrant laws,

Or the thrice perjured king.

XII.

They hewed Rathillet limb from limb, and as each
fragment fell
Shorn from the bruised and quivering trunk, these
ministers of hell
Howled round about him like a pack of fiendish hounds
at bay,
Upon the watch to whet their fangs in some incarnate
prey :
One agony of death they deemed too great a boon to
give ;
 And twice from off the curséd tree—
 With all a tiger's clemency—
 They set the writhing carcass free
And brought it back to live.

XIII.

They were Christians—and they cut the heart from out
the living man,
And waved it as a flag is waved upon the battle's van ;
And burned it as a beast is burned some idol to appease,
And cast the human ashes round like incense on the
breeze :
And they did it in the name of God!—Where were His
lightnings then,
 That came not with consuming fire
 To light the everlasting pyre
For these blaspheming men ?

XIV.

Look round on Scotland's ruined fanes—on shattered
arch and wall,

On roofless aisle and broken font—on column, tomb,
and stall

Laid waste within the sunniest spots of this our happy
land—

As waste as lieth Nineveh upon the desert strand,
The lightning of a nation's wrath has smote them with
decay :

The Faith their reeking altars fed

With life-blood of the saints, is fled ;

In Heaven the martyrs have their bed—

The Covenant lives for Aye.

WATCHING IN VAIN.

[Paraphrased from S. R. Crockett's "Men of the Moss Hags."]

A. WANLESS.

Hoo dull and dreary was the day,
 An', oh, hoo weary was the nicht,
 When owre the hills my faither rade
 To crush the wrang an' aid the richt.

'Afore he went he bravely cried,
 "Auld Scotland's richts we shall maintain ;
 My son, be kin' to kith an' kin,
 An' soon I will be back again."

My faither shook the bridle reins,
 As gallantly he rade awa' ;
 An' side by side my brither rade,
 While dool weighed doon the he'rts o's a'.

An' aye my mither wrung her han's,
 An' aye the tear rose in her e'e ;
 An' aye she cried, "Nae cause is guid
 That twines my ain guidman frae me."

Three weary days had come an' gane ;
 Ae mornin' at the daw' o' day,
I saw my brither a' alane
 Come slowly ridin' doon the brae.

Then in the house I ran wi' speed,
 An' unco sair I was to blame ;
Withoot a thou'ht I cried, "Wae's me,
 I see my brither comin' hame."

My mither cried, "Is he alane ?"
 "Ah me," I said, "Oh, wae betide,
He comes alane, slow, slow he comes,
 There's nae ane ridin' by his side."

Then in my arms my mither fell ;
 She wrung her han's wi' wild despair ;
She cried, "Oh, broken is my he'rt,
 I'ae never, never see him mair."

She watched the hill frae day to day,
 But a' her watching was in vain ;
To her he loved wi' a' his he'rt
 He never mair cam' back again.

THE COVENANTERS' COMMUNION.

GEORGE DONALD.

THE moors of Eaglesham and Mearns,
 Where Howie wrote, and Pollok sung;
 Their hills and glens and mossy cairns,
 I often sought when life was young.

Along their many lochs I've strayed,
 Deep musing on some favourite book;
 Or watched the speckled perch betrayed
 By angler with his treacherous hook.

Or down the banks, where rowin' rin
 The Cart, the Erne, and brither burn;
 Pleased with the music of their din,
 My wandering steps I often turn.

Oft in these moors in summer morn
 I've listened to the shepherd's tale,
 Of times when Scotland's peace was torn,
 And tyrants dared her right assail.

From his traditionary lore
The lessons first were taught to me,
Of what my fathers nobly bore
To keep the mind and conscience free.

There, seated on some brown hill-side,
I've heard my shepherd-grandsire tell
How were their faith and patience tried,
And why they struggled, fought, and fell.

"My bairn," he said, as from his eye
He dighted aff the starting tear,
"These troubled times are long gane by,
And we the Word can safely hear."

"But list, and I'll inform you how
Our Covenant fathers worshippéd,
To keep inviolate their vow
That bound them to their heavenly Head.

"See yonder glen, where heather brown
Is mixed with brackens, broom, and bent,
And where the burn rins rimplin' down?—
Dispensed was there the Sacrament.

"A cloudless July sun the morn
Of sic a Sabbath welcomed in,

Where the dispersed and weary worn
Did glimpses fresh of heaven win.

“ Baith far and wide, with secret care,
The faithful learned the tidings sweet,
From Glasgow to the shores of Ayr,
That then and there they were to meet.

“ Our ancestors at early dawn
Were on their knees in secret prayer,
For those who would that day be drawn
To hold with God communion there.

“ Their family worship, frugal meal,
And solemn parting blessing past,
They left their homes with bosoms leal,
Howe'er their fortunes might be cast.

“ Twelve miles and more of rugged road
They had to pass ; but faith was strong,
And speaking of the works of God,
They did not deem the distance long.

“ Great was the gathering, grave the look
Of men and women, age and youth,
As on the ground their seats they took
To listen to the words of truth.

“And on the high surrounding hills,
Concealed—yet not to mar their view—
Were placed the trusty sentinels,
To warn if danger near them drew.

“The preacher stood on yonder rock,
His hair with grief grown thin and grey,
And there addressed his little flock,
And there for Zion's peace did pray.

“They sang the Psalm, with plaintive tongue,
Of ‘heathen-rage’ ’gainst Zion's Head,
They sang the Psalm that Judah sang
By Babel's streams when captive led.

“The sermon told them of the strife
That often marks a life of faith,
It told them of a crown of life
Should they be steadfast unto death.

“The tables set, and duly fenced,
The blessing asked, the tokens given,
The elements were then dispensed,
And souls refreshed with food from heaven.

“With exhortations, psalm, and prayer,
The day was spent—their strength increased

And by the Lord's peculiar care
Blood was not mingled with their feast.

“For this, my son, our fathers had
For truth and freedom to contend ;
And like them, from the base and bad,
Oh ! still our sacred rights defend.”

SONG OF A COVENANTER.

ON Lagan's winding banks a bard,
 Whose bosom sorrow seemed to wring,
 Lone seated, thus with tears I heard,
 In plaintive numbers sing.

Thrice fifty years and ten have fled,
 Since Scotland's covenanted sons
 With pious sternness fought and bled,
 Like patriot-martyred ones.

A perjured prince with despot sway
 Their dearest rights had dared to spoil,
 While flattering minions marked the way,
 With cruelty and guile.

But courtly craft and lawless power
 In vain endeavoured *that* to take
 Their sires bequeathed them as their dower,
 At scaffold and at stake.

They saw their Zion shackled then ;
 On them for help they heard her call,
 And, girding up their loins like men,
 They vowed to break her thrall.

Their covenant standard was unfurled,
And as their good broad swords they drew,
They at their foes defiance hurled,
And waved their banners blue.

They fought—but were compelled to fight—
They fought, but not for wealth or fame,
They fought to save the Right from Might,
And Freedom's blessing claim.

They fought—their blood the heather bell,
A deeper purple gave since then ;
Drumclog, Airmoss, and Pentland tell,
Their deeds on hill and glen.

Black Prelacy was then abjured
By sacred oath and Solemn League ;
And sacred Presbytery secured
From force and dark intrigue.

Thrice fifty years or little more,
Have passed since Scotland, smiling saw
What thousands struggled to restore
Become again the law.

But woe on their descendants, woe ;
Arise have a recreant race,

That give a welcome to the foe,
Our Zion to deface.

With axes and with hammers now,
The spoilers in their work proceed ;
And, reckless of their fathers' vow,
Their children bid them speed.

Knox, Melville, Guthrie, Bruce, ye band
Of witnesses, that faithful stood,
For Scotland's kirk, and freed your land—
Where *now* the brave and good ?

Is every knee now bending down
To worship Mammon's sordid things ?
Must all to please an earthly crown
Desert the King of Kings ?

Again, again, I hope to see
Ere death forever seals mine eyes
The blood-bought Kirk of Scotland free,
And from her troubles rise.

"Thy will be done," the minstrel prayed,
While on his knees, I saw him bend,
And as he went away, I said,
"May God the Right defend."

A CRY FROM SAMOA.*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BLOWS the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are
flying,

Blows the wind on the moors to-day, and now
Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are
crying,

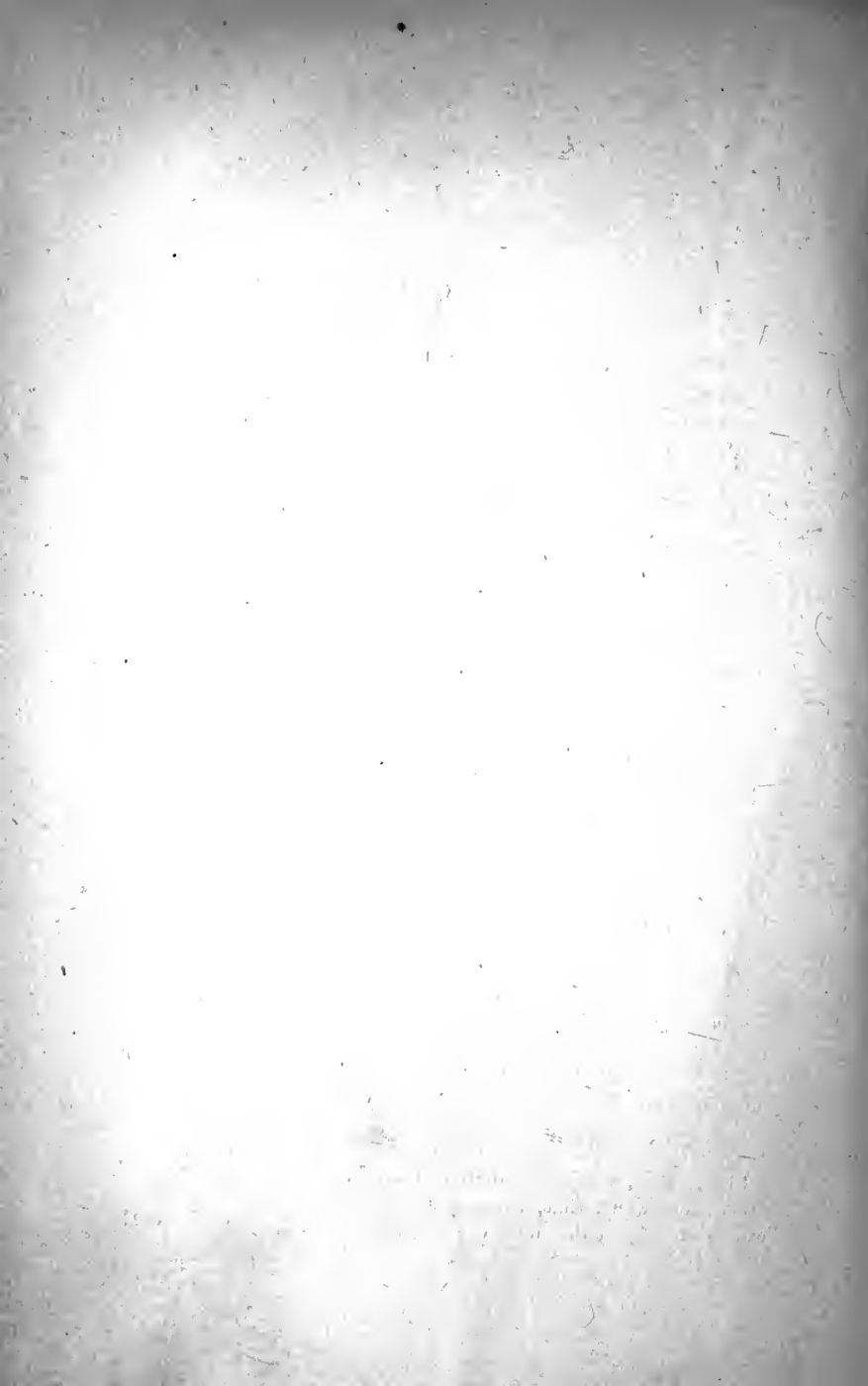
My heart remembers how !

Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor,
Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished
races,

And winds, austere and pure.

Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home, and to hear again the call,
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peeweets crying,
And hear no more at all.

* These stanzas called forth from the author of "Treasure Island," etc., in his far-off home of exile in the Pacific by the reading of Mr. S. R. Crockett's "The Stickit Minister and Some Common Men," and which the editor has ventured to entitle "A Cry from Samoa," are included in *The Harp of the Scottish Covenant* because, while not directly relating to the subject, they are steeped to the full in that haunted poetic atmosphere which time, acting upon Scottish sentiment, has caused to envelope the graves of the martyrs.



NOTE.

Lieutenant-Colonel Cleland of the Cameronian Regiment wrote a poem, in Hudibrastic style, on the invasion of the Highland Host among the Covenanters of the western counties in 1678. Both Sir Walter Scott and Dr. M'Crie admit that the work shows considerable talent. It contains an amusing and graphic description of the Celtic warriors, and the following excerpts from which may prove of interest to the reader.

On page 4 he thus pourtrays—

THE HIGHLAND ARMY.

Some might have judged they were the creatures
Called selphies, whose customs and features
Paracelsus doth decry
In his occult philosophy,
Or fauns, or brownies, if ye will,
Or satyrs, come from Atlas Hill.
But those who were their chief commanders,
As such who bore the pirnie standards,
Who led the van and drove the rear,
Were richt weel mounted in their gear ;
With brogues, trews, and pirnie plaids,
With gude blue bonnets on their heads,
Which on one side had a flype
Adorned with a tobacco-pipe ;

With dirk, and snapwork, and snuff mill ;
 A bag, which they with onions fill,
 And then, strict observers say,
 A tup horn filled with usquebae ;
 A slashed out coat beneath her plaids,
 A targe of timber, nails, and hides,
 With a long two-handed sword ;
 In nothing they're accounted sharp
 Except in bagpipe and in harp.

At page 34 he represents them as exhibiting—

More different postures
 Than sewed on hangings, beds, or bolsters ;
 More various actings, modes, and stances,
 Than's read in poems or romances.
 Pipes were playing, drums were beating,
 Some sneeshin from their fellows getting ;
 Trumpets sounding, skenes were glancing,
 Some were " Tonald Cowper " dancing.

The rapacity of the Highland Host, who were let loose upon the poor Covenanters of the West in order to induce them to adopt the religion of *a gentleman*, is thus described :—

They dirk our tenants, shame our wives,
 And we're in hazard of our lives ;
 They plunder horse, and them they laden
 With coverings, blankets, sheets, and plaiden,
 With hodden gray and worsted stuff ;

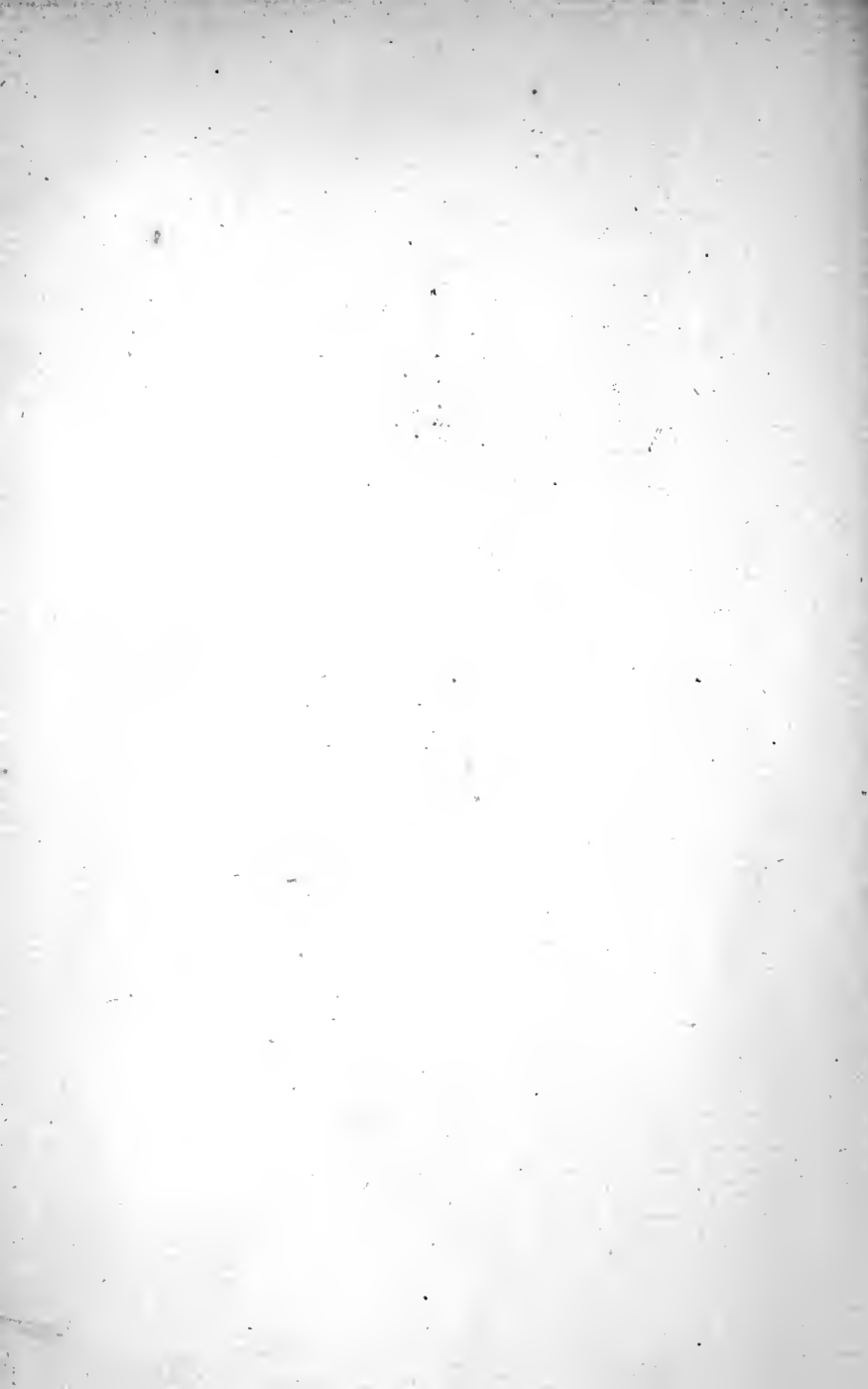
They take our coulthers and our socks,
And from our doors they pull the locks,
They leave us neither shoos nor spades,
And take away our iron in lades ;
They break our ploughs, even when they're working,
We dare not hinder them for dirking.
My Lords ! they so harass and wrong us,
There's scarce a pair of shoes among us,
And for blue bonnets they leave none
That they can get their clauts upon ;
If any dare refuse to give them,
They dirk them, strip them, and so leave them ;
They ripe for arms, but all they find
Is arms with them—leave nought behind !

—Nimmo's *Songs and Ballads of Clydesdale*.

THE END.









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The harp of the
Scottish covenant; poems,
songs, and ballads
relating to the
covenanting struggle,
A. Gardner (1895)

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